



W. Delle

sculpsit

Ioannis Miltoni Effigies
Aetab 63. 1674.

Paradise Lost.

A

POEM

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

The Author

JOHN MILTON.

The Second Edition

Revised and Augmented by the
same Author.

LONDON,

Printed by S. Simmons next door to the
Golden Lion in Aldersgate-street, 1674.

Paradisum Amissam

Summi Poetae

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines continet iste liber.

Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur & toto quicquid in Orbe latet.

Terraeque, tractusque maris, caelumque profundum
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus.

Quaeque colunt terras, Portumque & Tartara caeca,
Quaeque colunt summi lucida regna Poli.

Et quodcumque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus:

Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.

Hac qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen haec hodie terra Britannia legit.

O quantos in bella Duces! quae protulit arma!
Quae canit, & quanta praelia dira tuba.

Caelestes acies! atque in certamine Caelum!
Et quae Caelestes pugna deceret agros!

Quantus in aetheriis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaelis miror!

Quantis, & quam funestis concurratur iris
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!

Dum vulsos Montes ceu Tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluuunt:

Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugna non superesse sua.
At simul in caelis Messia insignia fulgent,
Et currus animas, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotae strident, & sona rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco
Admistis flammis insonnere Polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis
Et cassis dextris irrita Tela cadunt.
Ad pœnas fugiunt, & cœu foret Orcus asylum
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedere Romani Scriptores, cedit Graii
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem raras, Virgilium culices.

S. B. M. D.

ON
Paradise Lost.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown'd, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song
(So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)
The World o' rewhelming to revenge his fight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way should find
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell)
Might hence presume the whole Creations day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not mis'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:

ON

So

So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.
That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane,
And things divine thou treatst of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.

At once delight and horreur on us seize,
Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;
And above humane flight dost soar aloft
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft,
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flaggs, but always keeps on Wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?
Just Heav'n thee like *Tiresias* to requite
Rewards with Prophecie thy loss of sight.

Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure,
While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells,
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells;
Their Fancies like our Bushy-points appear,
The Poets rag them, we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the Mode offend,
And while I meant to Praise thee must Commend.
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

A. M.

THE

THE
VERSE.

THE Measure is English Heroic
Verse without Rime, as that of
Homer in Greek, and of
Virgil in Latin; Rime being
no necessary Adjunct or true
Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer
Works especially, but the Invention of a bar-
barous Age, to set off wretched matter and
lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the
use of some famous modern Poets, carri-
ed away by Custom, but much to thir own
vexation, hindrance, and constraint to ex-
press many things otherwise, and for the most
part worse then else they would have express'd
them. Not without cause therefore some both
Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have
rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works,
as have also long since our best English Trage-
dies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears,
trivial and of no true musical delight; which
consists onely in apt Numbers, fit quantity of
Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out
from one Verse into another, not in the jingling
sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by
the

the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.

Paradise

Paradise Lost.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd*: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which action past over, the Poem hafts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darkness, fustiest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers; as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall: Satan awakens all his Legions, who

lay

lay

lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Propbesie or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this Propbesie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Council. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Council.



F Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast Brought Death into the World, and all our woe, With loss of Eden, till one greater Man

Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed, In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion Hill Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence Invoke thy aid to my adventurous Song,

That

That with no middle flight intends to soar Above th' Aonian Mount, while it pursues Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime. And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure, Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark Illumin, what is low raise and support; That to the highth of this great Argument I may assert Eternal Providence, And justifie the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State, Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off From thir Creator, and transgress his Will For one restraint, Lords of the World besides? Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt? Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring To set himself in Glory above his Peers, He trusted to have equal'd the most High, If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim Against the Throne and Monarchy of God Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie With hideous ruine and combustion down To bottomless perdition, there to dwell

B 2

In

In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
 Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
 Confounded though immortal: But his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
 At once as far as Angels kenn he views
 The dismal Situation waste and wilde,
 A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
 As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd onely to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
 With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and thir portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
 As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,

And

And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
 Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd
 In equal ruin: into what Pit thou see'st
 From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
 He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those,
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome?
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,
 Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath

B 3

This

This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
 And this Emphyreal substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
 Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despaire:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King;
 And put to proof his high Supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Then such could hav' orepow'rd such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls

By

By right of Warr, what e're his business be
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from thir destin'd aim.
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n: the Sulphurous Hail
 Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
 The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend

B 4

From

From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
 And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire Calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
 If not what resolution from despare.

Thus Satan talking to his neereſt Mate
 With Head up-ſiſt above the wave, and Eyes
 That ſparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beſides
 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the Fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briareos or *Typhon*, whom the Den
 By ancient *Tarſus* held, or that Sea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugeſt that ſwim th' Ocean ſtream:
 Him haply ſlumbring on the *Norway* foam
 The Pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd Skiff,
 Deeming ſome Iſland, oſt, as Sea-men tell,
 With fixed Anchor in his ſkaly rind
 Moors by his ſide under the Lee, while Night
 Inveſts the Sea, and wiſhed Morn delayes:
 So ſtretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
 Had riſ'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
 How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth

Infinite

Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhewn
 On Man by him ſeduc't, but on himſelf
 Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
 His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
 Drivn backward ſlope thir pointing ſpires, and rowld
 In billows, leave i'th' miſt a horrid Vale.
 Then with expanded wings he ſtears his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the duſky Air
 That felt unuſual weight, till on dry Land
 He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
 With ſolid, as the Lake with liquid fire;
 And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of ſubterranean wind transports a Hill
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the ſhatter'd ſide
 Of thundring *Atna*, whoſe combuſtible
 And ſewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
 And leave a ſinged bottom all invol'd
 With ſtench and ſmoak: Such reſting found the ſole
 Of unbleſt feet. Him followed his next Mate,
 Both glorying to have ſcap't the *Stygian* flood
 As Gods, and by thir own recover'd ſtrength,
 Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
 Said then the loſt Arch-Angel, this the ſeat
 That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celeftial light? Be it ſo, ſince he
 Who now is Sovran can diſpoſe and bid
 What ſhall be right: fardeſt from him is beſt
 Whom reaſon hath equald, force hath made ſupream
 Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundeſt Hell

Receive

Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
 The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less then he
 Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*

Thus answer'd, Leader of those Armies bright,
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foild,
 If once they hear that voyce, thir liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extreames, and on the perilous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Thir surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lye
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
 As we crewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious hight.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
 Was moving toward the shoar; his ponderous shield
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,

Be-

Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views
 At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,
 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
 Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walkt with to support uneasie steps
 Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
 Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with Fire;
 Natchless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades
 High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd
 Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew
Bufris and his *Memphian* Chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
 From the safe shore thir floating Carkases
 And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,
 Under amazement of thir hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potemates,
 Warriors, the Flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can sieze
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toyl of Battel to repose

Your

Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
 Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake,
 Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to thir Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
 Of *Amrims* Son in *Egypt*s evill day
 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,
 That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
 Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
 Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
 Of thir great Sultan waving to direct
 Thir course, in even ballance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;
 A multitude, like which the populous North
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons

Came

Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
 Thir great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;
 Though of thir Names in heav'nly Records now
 Be no memorial blotted out and ras'd
 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
 Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God thir Creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him that made them, to transform
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities:
 Then were they known to men by various Names,
 And various Idols through the Heathen World.
 Say, Muse, thir Names then known, who first, who last,
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
 At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek thir prey on earth, durst fix
 Thir Seats long after next the Seat of God,
 Thir Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd

Within

Within his Sanctuary it self thir Shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursed things
 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,
 And with thir darkness durst affront his light.
 First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
 Thir childrens cries unheard, that pass through fire
 To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
 Worshippt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,
 In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
 The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence
 And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.
 Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,
 From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the wild
 Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
 And *Horonaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond
 The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,
 And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim* on thir march from *Nile*
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd
 Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove
 Of *Molochs* homicide, lust hard by hate;
 Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who from the bordering flood
 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names

Of

Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is thir Essence pure,
 Not ti'd or manac'd with joynt or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
 Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
 Can execute thir aerie purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfill.
 For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook
 Thir living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods; for which thir heads as low
 Bow'd down in *Battel*, sunk before the Spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid thir Vows and Songs,
 In *Sion* also not unfung, where stood
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
 To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
 While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale
 Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led

His

His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
 And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
 Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast
 Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*
 And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
 Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil Banks
 Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold:
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
Abaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
 Gods Altar to disparage and displace
 For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offrings, and adore the Gods
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train
 With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd
 Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek
 Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* scape
 Th' infection when thir borrow'd Gold compos'd
 The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King
 Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd
 From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.

Belial

Belial came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then hee
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
 Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God.
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest Towns,
 And injury and outrage: And when Night
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
 Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night
 In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door
 Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape.
 These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
 Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Issue held
 Gods, yet confest later than Heav'n and Earth
 Thir boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'n's first born
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
 By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
 His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;
 So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Creet*
 And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top
 Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air
 Thir highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
 Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds
 Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old
 Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,
 And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.
 All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd

C

Obscure

Obscure some glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
 Thir fainting courage, and dispel'd thir fears.
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upheard
 His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall:
 Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
 Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
 Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
 With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while
 Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:
 At which the universal Host upsent
 A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
 Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
 With Orient Colours waving: with them rose
 A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms
 Appear'd, and ferried Shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move
 In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood
 Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd
 To hight of noblest temper Hero's old
 Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
 Anguish

Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force with fixed thought
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
 Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
 Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid Front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield;
 Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
 Had to impose: He through the armed Files
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
 The whole Battalion views, thir order due;
 Thir visages and stature as of Gods,
 Thir number last he summs. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
 Glories: For never since created man,
 Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more then that small infantry
 Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood
 Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
 That fought at *Thebes* and *Ilium*, on each side
 Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
 In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
 Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*;
Damasco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Thir dread commander: he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent
 Stood like a Tower; his form had yet not lost

All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
 In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the Nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
 Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in blifs) condemn'd
 For ever now to have thir lot in pain,
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
 Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
 Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
 With singed top thir stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
 To speak; whereat thir doubl'd Ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his Peers: attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spight of scorn,
 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out thir way.

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change

Hateful

Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet beleeve, though after loss,
 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
 Self-rais'd, and repossess thir native seat?
 Formee be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
 If counsels different, or danger shun'd
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
 Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custome, and his Regal State
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New warr, provok't; our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile
 What force effected not: that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rise
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
 Caelestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

C 3

Full

Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,
For who can think Submission? Warr then, VVarf
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms
Clash'd on thir sounding Shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when Bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickax arm'd
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trod'n Gold,
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands
Rif'd the bowels of thir mother Earth
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
VWho boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell

Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are easily out-done
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
VWhat in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude
VWith wond'rous Art found out the massie Ore,
Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boyling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an Organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round
VWere set, and Doric pillars overlaid
VWith Golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence
Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or *Scrapis* thir Gods, or seat
Thir Kings, when *Agypt* with *Affria* strove
In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
VWithin, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by suttle Magic many a row

Of Starry Lamps and blazing Crests fed
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the Architect: his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his Hierarchie, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* land
 Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements; from Morn
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
 A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
 On *Lemnos* th' *Aegean* Ile: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he scape
 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.
 Mean while the winged Haralds by command
 Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
 And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim
 A solemn Councel forthwith to be held
 At *Pandemonium*, the high Capital
 Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd
 From every Band and squared Regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hunderds and with thousands trooping came
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates

And

And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
 Desi'd the best of *Panims* chivalry
 To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brusht with the hiss of rustling wings. As Bees
 In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,
 Pour forth thir populous youth about the Hive
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
 The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
 New rub'd with Baum, expatiate and confer
 Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
 Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
 Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that Pigmeean Race
 Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,
 Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side
 Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
 Sit Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth
 Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,
 Though without number still amidst the Hall
 Of that infernal Court. But far within
 And in thir own dimensions like themselves
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim

In

In close recess and secret conclave sat
 A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full. After short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began.

The End of the First Book.

Paradise

Paradise Lost.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Propheſie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest betake them several wayes and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven, with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

High

High on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest
hand

Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain-Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displaid.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial vertues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n,
Did first create your Leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,
Hath bin achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From Faction; for none sure will claim in Hell

Prece-

Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,

Surer to prosper then prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloch*, Scepter'd King
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather then be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.

My sentence is for open Warr: Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
O're Heav'n's high Towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see

Black

Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
 Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented Torments. But perhaps
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful Lake benumm not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
 Then to dwell here, driv'n out from blifs, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end.
 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
 We should be quite abolisht and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier farr
 Then miserable to have eternal being:
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst

On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
 Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
 To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;
 To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
 And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open VVarr, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
 Main reason to perswade immediate VVarr,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
 VVhen he who most excels in fact of Arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excels
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd
 VVith Armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
 With blackest Insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest Light, yet our great Enemy
 All incorruptible would on his Throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,
 To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can
 Is doubtful; that he never will is sure:
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel VVarr, we are decreed,
 Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;
 VVhatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 VVhat can we suffer worse? is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?
 VVhat when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
 VVith Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
 The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay

Chain'd

Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse,
 VVhat if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament
 Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious warr,
 Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd
 Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
 Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.
 VVarr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
 VVith him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's high
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides;
 Not more Almighty to resist our might
 Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of Heav'n
 Thus trampil'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
 Chains and these Torments? better these then worse
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,
 The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,
 Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust
 That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe

By

Contending,

Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit
 His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisf'd
 With what is punish't; whence these raging fires
 Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future dayes may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,
 Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n
 We warr, if warr be best, or to regain
 Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then
 May hope when everlasting Fate shall yeild
 To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us
 Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supream

We overpower? Suppose he should relent
 And publish Grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
 With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 For't Halleluiahs; while he Lordly sits
 Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,
 Our servile offerings. This must be our task
 In Heav'n this our delight; how wearisom
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
 Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
 Our own good from our selves, and from our own
 Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
 Hard liberty before the easie yoke
 Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
 We can create, and in what place so e're
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and indurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,
 And with the Majesty of darkness round
 Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our darkness, cannot we his Light
 Imitate when we please? This Desert soile

VVants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
 Nor want we skill or Art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
 Of order, how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of warr: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
 Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay
 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard
 As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another Field
 They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the feat
 Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
 VVrought still within them; and no less desire
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise
 By pollicy, and long procefs of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
 VVhich when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public care;
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,

Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood
 With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as Night
 Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n
 Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
 Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new League
 Banded against his Throne, but to remaine
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude: For he, be sure
 In heighth or depth, still first and last will Reign
 Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
 Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.
 What sit we then projecting peace and Warr?
 VVarr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss
 Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none
 VVoutsaf't or fought; for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least

May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place
 (if ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another World, the happy sea,
 Of some new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whol circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
 And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole Creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
 May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise

In his disturbance; when his darling Sons
 Hur'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Thir frail Original, and faded blifs,
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*
 Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
 Nearer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair Light
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,
 To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breathe her balme. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyfs
 And through the palpable obscure find out

His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspence, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In others count'nance read his own dismay
 Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
 So hardie as to proffer or accept
 Along the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,
 With reason hath deep silence and demurr
 Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These past, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being

Threa.

Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape.
 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
 And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger could deterr
 Mee from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honour'd sits? Go therefore mighty Powers,
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tollerable; if there be cure or charm
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
 Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
 Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard;
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice

For.

Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God
 Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Loose all her virtue; least bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or clof ambition varnish'd o're with zeal.
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread
 Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring Element
 Scowls o're the dark'nd lantskip. Snow, or showre;
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men onely disagree
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
 Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction waite.

The *Stygian* Counsell thus dissolv'd; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers,
 Midst came their mightry Paramount, and seemd

Alone

Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
 Than Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,
 And God-like imitated State; him round
 A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.
 Then of their Session ended they bid cry
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result:
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding Alchymie
 By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyfs
 Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.
 Thence more at ease their minds and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband, and wandring, each his severall way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksom hours, till this great Chief return.
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift Race contend,
 As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;
 Part curb their fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
 As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush
 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
 Prick forth the Aerie Knights, and couch their Spears
 Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast *Typhæan* rage more fell
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.
 As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* Crown'd

With

With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian Pines*,
 And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
 Into th' *Euboic Sea*. Others more milde,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes Angelical to many a Harp
 Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate
 Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
 Thir Song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledg absolute,
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:
 Yet with a pleasing forcerie could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;

Abho

Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
 Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the ruful stream; fierce *Phlegeton*
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage;
 Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion rouses
 Her warric Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that *Serbonian Bog*
 Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
 Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this *Lethean Sound*
 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
 And with and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so neer the brink;
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt

Medusa

Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous Bands
 With thuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
 View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
 O're many a Frozen, many a fierie Alpe,
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of
 A Universe of death, which God by curse (death
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight; som times
 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares
 Up to the fiery Concave touring high.
 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
 Hangs in the Clouds, by *Aequinoctial* Winds
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles
 Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
 Thir spicie Drugs: they on the Trading Flood
 Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
 Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,

And

And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd than these
 Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarce *Trinaerian* shore:
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With *Laplant* Witches, while the labouring Moon
 Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The Monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,

Created

Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste Eternal dayes in woe and pain?
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the griessie terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew tenfold
More dreadful, and deform: on th' other side
Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th' Arctick Sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands

No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snake Sorcerers that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids;
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interpos'st, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable then him and thee.

E

T whom

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
 In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swum
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seisd
 All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid
 At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing burden. Mean while *VVarr* arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Cleer Victory, to our part losse and rout
 Through all the Emphyrean: down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this Deep, and in the general fall
 I also; at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
 These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
*VV*ithout my opening. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb

Pregnant

Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issu'd, Brandishing his fatal Dart
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*,
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
 From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Mee overtook his mother all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foule
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
 My Bowels, thir repast; then bursting forth
 A fresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his Parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involvd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
*VV*hen ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd
 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,

E a

Though

Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dunt,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the suttile Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire
And my fair Son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire cha
Besalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
Thi uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of blifs
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Vving silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
Vwith odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Inmeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a gasty smile, to hear

His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The key of this infernal Pit by due
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'rmatcht by living might.
But what ow I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass't round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and blifs, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie
With impetuous recoile and jarring sound

Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut
 Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
 That with extended wings a Banner'd Host
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, & height
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise
 Of endless Warrs, and by confusion stand.
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
 Strive here for Maistrise, and to Battel bring
 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag
 Of each his Faction, in thir severall Clanns,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
 Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
 Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
 And by decision more imbroiles the fray
 By which he Reigns: next him high Arbitrer
 Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,

Unless

Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,
 Into this wild Abyss the warie fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his care less peal'd
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,
 With all her battering Engines bent to rase
 Som Capital City; or less then if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
 In mutinie had from her Axle torn
 The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuie: all unawares
 Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
 Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
 Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
 As when a Gryfon through the Wildernesse
 With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
 Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stelh
 Had from his wakeful custody purloind
 The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
 Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

E 4

With

With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies;
 At length a universal hubbub wilde
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the neereft coast of darkness lyes
 Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd
 Sat Sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood
Orcus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
 Of *Demogorgon*; *Rumor* next and *Chance*,
 And *Tumult* and *Confusion* all imbroild,
 And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and *ancient Night*, I come no Spy,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
 Wandring this darksome Defart, as my way,
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
 Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place
 From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course;
 Directed no mean recompence it brings
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,

All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the Standard there of *ancient Night*;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old
 With faultring speech and visage incompos'd
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 VVith ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles
 VWeakning the Scepter of old *Night*: first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another VWorld
 Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not farr;
 So much the neerer danger; go and speed;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply,
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
 VVith fresh alacritie and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
 Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting Elements, on all side round
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset

All

And

And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* pass'd
 Through *Bosporus* betwixt the jutting Rocks:
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard.
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;
 But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
 Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits pervert
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
 Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins
 Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
 As from her outmost works a brok'd foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din,
 That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
 And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
 Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
 Veighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold
 Farr off th' Emphyreal Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermind square or round,
 With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd
 Of living Saphire, once his native Seat;

And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
 This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
 Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

John Davie

The End of the Second Book.

His Book 1759

Paradise

Paradise Lost

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards the world, then newly created; shows him to the Father who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him; regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, by him seduc't. The Son of God renders praise to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must unless some one can be found sufficient to answer his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man.

Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare Convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place since call'd The Lybbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by staires, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAil holy Light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God
is light,

And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
The rising world of water dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-vilit now with bolder wing,
Escap't the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne
 With other notes then to th' *Orphean Lyre*
 I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Cleer Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
 Smir with the love of sacred Song; but chief
 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath
 That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind *Thamyras* and blind *Maonides*,
 And *Tereus* and *Phineus* Prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadieft Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the chearful wayes of men
 Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
 Presented with a Universal blanc

Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou Celestial light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure Emphyrean where he sits
 High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view:
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
 Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his Glory sat,
 His onely Son; On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first Parents, yet the onely two
 Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
 In blisful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, see'st thou what rage
 Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains

Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyſs
 Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
 On deſperate reveng, that ſhall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all reſtraint broke looſe he wings, his way
 Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created World,
 And Man there plac't, with purpoſe to aſſay
 If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
 By ſome falſe guile pervert; and ſhall pervert
 For man will hark'n to his glozing lyes,
 And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole Command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall,
 Hee and his faithleſs Progenie: whoſe fault?
 Whoſe but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
 All he could have; I made him juſt and right,
 Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
 And Spirits, both them who ſtood and them who fall'd
 Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
 Of true allegiance, conſtant Faith or Love,
 Where onely what they needs muſt do, appear'd,
 Not what they would? what praiſe could they re-
 ceive
 What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid, (ceiv'd)
 When Will and Reason (Reason alſo is choice)
 Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoild,
 Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſitie,
 Not mee. They therefore as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
 Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate,
 As if predeſtination over-rul'd
 Thir will, diſpos'd by abſolute Decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themſelves decreed

Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without leaſt impuſe or ſhadow of Fate,
 Or aught by me immutable foreſeen,
 They treaſaſs, Authors to themſelves in all
 Both what they judge and what they chooſe; for ſo
 I form'd them free, and free they muſt remain,
 Till they enthrall themſelves: I elſe muſt change
 Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
 Thir freedom, they themſelves ordain'd thir fall.
 The firſt ſort by thir own ſuggeſtion fell,
 Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd
 By the other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find grace,
 The other none: in Mercy and Juſtice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, ſo ſhall my glorie excel,
 But Mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.

Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
 Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
 Moſt glorious, in him all his Father ſhon
 Subſtancially expreſs'd, and in his face
 Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without meaſure Grace,
 Which uttering thus he to his Father ſpake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy ſovran ſentence, that Man ſhould find grace;
 For which both Heav'n and Earth ſhall high extoll
 Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
 Of Hymns and ſacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
 Encompaſs'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
 For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man

Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd
 With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
 That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judg
 Of all things made, and judgest onely right.
 Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
 Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell
 Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
 Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
 For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
 Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.
 O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
 All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all
 As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew
 His laps'd powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe,
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail
 His fall'n condition is, and to me ow
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:

The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd
 Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deitie, while offerd grace
 Invites, for I will cleer thir senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts
 To pray, repent; and bring obedience due,
 To Prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endevord with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut,
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.

This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sins
 Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,
 Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,
 To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posteritie must dye,
 Dye hee or Justice must; unless for him
 Som other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say Heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love,
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,
 Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf

Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God
 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unfought,
 Happie for man, so coming; he her aide
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
 Attonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
 Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
 I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;
 Account mee man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly dye
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;
 Under his gloomie power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
 All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;
 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;
 Death his deaths wound shall then receive, and flou-
 ring, of his mortall sting disarm'd.

I through the ample Air in Triumph high
 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by mee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
 Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
 Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
 And reconcilment; wrauth shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shon
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
 Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
 Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least
 Though last created, that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
 Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyn;
 And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room
 The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee

As from a second root shall be restor'd,
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Thir own both righteous and unrighteous ^{deeds,}
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So Heav'nly love shall outdoo Hellish hate
 Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.
 Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found
 By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good,
 Farr more then Great or High; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne,
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King, all Power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
 Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide

In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
 Shalt in the Sky appeer, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
 Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom
 Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.
 Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge
 Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink
 Beneath thy Sentence; Hell her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And after all thir tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
 The multitude of Angels with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
 Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
 Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
 Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
 Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence

To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
 And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
 And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
 Rowls o're *Elysian* Flours her Amber stream;
 With these that never fade the Spirits elect
 Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
 Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
 Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.
 Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side
 Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet
 Of charming symphonie they introduce
 Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer,
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.
 Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee
 Imprest the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein
 By thee created, and by thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
 Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting Frame, while o're the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Fathers might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,
 Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome
 So strictly, but much more to pitie encline;
 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardles of the Bliss wherein hee sat
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die
 For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd
 From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darknes old,
Satan alighted walks: a Globe farr off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent

Dark, wake, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
 Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie;
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant farr som small reflection gaines
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loyde:
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field,
 As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
 Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
 Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams;
 But in his way lights on the barren Plaines
 Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
 With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:
 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
 Alone, for other Creature in this place
 Living or liveless to be found was none,
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
 Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
 With vanity had filld the works of men:
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
 Or happines in this or th' other life;
 All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
 Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;
 All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
 Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till

Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants,
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
 Betwixt h' Angelical and Human kinde:
 Hither of all-joynd Sons and Daughters born
 First from the ancient World those Giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renownd:
 The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
 Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe
 New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:
 Others came single; he who to be deemd
 A God, leap'd fondly into *Aetna* flames,
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
 Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers
 White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie,
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek
 In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
 And they who to be sure of Paradise
 Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,
 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd;
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,
 And that CrySTALLINE Sphear whose ballance weighs
 The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;
 And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'n's Wicket seems
 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe
 A violent cross wind from either Coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
 Into the devious Air; then might ye see
 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost
 And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques; Beads,

In-

Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
 The sport of Winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o're the backside of the World farr off
 Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since call'd
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame
 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste
 His travell'd steps; farr distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
 At top whereof, but farr more rich appeard
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
 By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.
 The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
 To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
 Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
 And waking cri'd, *This is the Gate of Heav'n*
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There alwayes, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doores of Bliss.

Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
 Just o're the blisful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by farr then that of after-times
 Over *Mount Sion*, and, though that were large,
 Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
 By which to visit oft those happy Tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood
 To *Beerfaba*, where the *Holy Land*
 Borders on *Egypt* and the *Arabian* shoare;
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
Satan from hence now on the lower stair
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
 Through dark and desert wayes with peril gone
 All night; at last by break of cheerful dawne
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some forein land
 First-seen, or some renown'd Metropolis
 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adornd,
 Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
 Such wonder seisd, though after Heaven seen,
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seisd
 At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling Canopic
 Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point
 Of *Libra* to the fleetie Starr that bears
Andromeda farr off *Atlantic* Seas

Beyond

Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
 Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourish Vales,
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there
 He stayd not to enquire: above them all
 The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
 Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends
 Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
 Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,
 That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move
 Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute
 Days, months, & years, towards his all-cheering Lamp
 Turn swift thir various motions, or are turnd
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The Univers, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots inv isible vertue even to the deep:
 So wondrously was set his Station bright.
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw.
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
 Not all parts like, but all alike informd

With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;
 If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer;
 If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
 Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
 In *Aarons* Brest-plate, and a stone besides
 Imagin'd rather oft then elsewhere seen,
 That stone, or like to that which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,
 Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
 Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
 Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
 Culminate from th' *Aequator*, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray
 To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom *Job* saw also in the Sun:
 His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings

Lay waving round; on som great charge employ'd
 He seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandring flight
 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
 His journies end and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay;
 And now a stripling Cherube he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
 Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd;
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire
 In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a Silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known
 Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n
 Who in Gods presence, neere to his Throne
 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O're Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accostes;

Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
 In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright,
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
 Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;
 And here art likeliest by supream decree
 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
 To visit oft this new Creation round;

Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
 His chief delight and favour; him for whom
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
 Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
 Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell
 In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell;
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
 Or open admiration him behold
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,
 The Universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driv'n out his Rebell Foes
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
 Created this new happie Race of Men
 To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern
 Hypocrisie, the onely evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth;
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held
 The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
 Who to the fraudulent Impostor soule
 In his uprightnes answer thus return'd.
 Fair Angel; thy desire which tends to know
 The works of God; thereby to glorifie

The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some per^{aps}
 Contented with report hear onely in heav'n:
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
 But what created mind can comprehend
 Thir number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep
 I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
 This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
 Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
 And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,
 The rest in circuit walles this Universe.
 Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moⁿ
 (So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;

With borrowd light her countenance triform
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,
Adams about those loftie shades his Bowre.
 Thy way then canst not miss, me mine requires.
 Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
 Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
 Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

Paradise Lost

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, and despair; but at length confirms himself in his journey on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden is described; Satans first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death, and thereon intends to found his Temptation, by inducing them to transgress: then leaves them awhile, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise,

discovered, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve, discourse of going to their rest: their Bower described; their Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, lest the evill spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O For that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our first-Parents had bin warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract

His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
 The Hell within him, for within him Hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
 One step no more then from himself can fly
 By change of place: Now conscience wakes desire
 That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be
 Worse; of worse deedsworse sufferings must ensue
 Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun
 Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
 Lookst from thy sole Dominion like the God
 Of this new World; at whose sight all the Stars
 Hide thir diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
 Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less then to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; list'd up so high
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burthensome still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
 O had his powerful Destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But Heav'n's free Love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I flie
 Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
 Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
 Under what torments inwardly I groane;
 While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
 With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd
 The lower still I fall, onely Supream
 In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.
 But say I could repent and could obtaine
 By Act of Grace my former state; how soon
 Would high recal high thoughts, how soon unsway
 What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconcilment grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep
 Which would but lead me to a worfe relapse
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as farr
 From granting hee, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this World.
 So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,
 Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least
 Divided Empire with Heavens King I hold
 By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;
 As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
 Thrice-chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betraid
 Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.
 For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
 Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,

Artificer

Artificer of fraud; and was the first
 That practis'd fallshood under faintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge;
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down
 The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
 Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
 So on he fares, and to the border comes,
 Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
 With thicker overgrown, gottesque and wilde,
 Access deni'd, and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops
 The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung:
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.
 And higher then that Wall a circling row
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
 Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seem'd
 That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires

Vernal

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past
Mozambic, off at Sea North-East windes blow
Sabeen Odours from the spicie shoare
 Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a Leag
 Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd
 Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume,
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spout
 Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent
 From *Media* post to *Agypt*, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow;
 But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext
 All path of Man or Beast that past that way:
 One Gate there only was, and that look'd East
 On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,
 At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound
 Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eve
 In hurdled Cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould:
 Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash

Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles;
 So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:
 So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.
 Thence he flew, and on the Tree of Life
 The middle Tree and highest there that grew,
 Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising Death
 To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought
 Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge
 Of immortality. So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
 A Heav'n on Earth, for blisful Paradise
 Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
 Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretch'd her Line
 From *Awan* Eastward to the Royal Towrs
 Of great *Selencia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
 Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
 Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile
 His farr more pleasant Garden God ordain'd;
 Out of the fertill ground he caus'd to grow
 All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life
 Our Death the Tree of knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.

South.

Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd.
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up draw'd,
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
 Waterd the Garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
 Which from his darksom passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main Streams,
 Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
 And Country whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
 With mazie error under pendant shades
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
 In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade
 Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view; (Balme,
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde
 Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
 Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
 Of som irriguous Valley spred her store,
 Flours of all hues, and without Thorn the Rose:

Another

Another side, umbrageous Grotts and Caves
 Of coole recess, o're which the mantling vine
 Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd,
 Her chrysal mirror holds, unite thir streams.
 The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while Universal Pan
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
 Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
 Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathering flours
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*
 Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
 Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd
Castalian Spring, might with this Paradise
 Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Ile
 Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*;
 Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Lybian* Jove,
 Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
 Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;
 Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard,
 Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos'd
 True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line
 By *Nilus* head, enclosed with shining Rock,
 A whole days journey high, but wide remote
 From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strang:
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,

And

And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe but in true filial freedom plac't;
 Whence true autoritie in men; though both
 Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,
 For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the Vine curles her tendrils, which impli'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receivd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
 Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
 Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
 With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
 And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
 Simplicitie and spotless innocence.
 So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
 That ever since in loves embraces met,
 Adam the goodliest man of men since borne
 His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.

Under

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
 They sat them down, and after no more toil
 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd
 To recommend coole Zephyr, and made ease
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flowers:
 The favourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befeems
 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
 Alone as they. About them frisking playd
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chafe
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;
 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
 Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,
 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathd
 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grasse
 Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,
 Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale
 Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarc'd thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.
 O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,

Inte

Into our room of blifs thus high advanc't
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on thir shape hath pour'd
 Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
 Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
 Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe
 To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
 Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
 And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,
 Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
 And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
 Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
 By conquering this new World, compels me now
 To do what else though d:mn'd I should abhorre.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
 The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
 Down he alights among the sportful Herd
 Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
 Now other, as thir shape serv'd best his end
 Neerer to view his prey, and unespied
 To mark what of thir state he more might learn
 By word or action markt: about them round
 A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
 Then as a Tyger, who by chance hath spi'd
 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Grip't in each paw: When Adam first of men
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 Turnd him all eare to hear new utterance flow.
 Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes;
 Dearer thy self then all; needs must the power
 That made us, and for us this ample World
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite,
 That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can performe
 Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
 From us no other service then to keep
 This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that onely Tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
 So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
 Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst
 H God

God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signes of power and rule
 Confer'd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
 Over all other Creatures that possess
 Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll
 His bountie, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing Plants, and tend these Flowers
 Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my Guide
 And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For wee to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
 So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
 Præminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak't, and found my self repos'd
 Under a shade of fowers, much wondring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
 On the green bank, to look into the cleer
 Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite,

A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
 Bending to look on me, I started back,
 It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,
 Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathie and love; there I had fixt
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warnd me, VVhat thou seest,
 VVhat there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,
 VVith thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee
 VVhose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare
 Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human Race: what could I doe,
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I esp'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,
 Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,
 Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,
 Thou following cry'd'st aloud, Return faire *Eve*,
 VVhom sli'st thou? whom thou sli'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, neere'st my heart
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seisd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half imbracing leand

On our first Father, half her swelling Brest
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*
On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds
That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadis't in one anothers arms
The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill
Of blifs on blifs, while I to Hell am thrust,
Whereneither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
Can it be death? and do they onely stand
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with designe
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round.

This

This Garden, and no corner leave unspid;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
Yet happie pair, enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began (roam,
Through wood, through waste, o're hill, o're dale his
Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n
With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
Leveld his evening Rayes: it was a Rock
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.

Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat
Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd Heroic Games
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares,
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Imprels the Air, and shews the Mariner
From what point of his Compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy course by Lot hath giv'n
Charge and strict watch that to this happie Place

H 3

No

No evil thing approach or enter in;
 This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
 More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man
 Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way
 Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;
 But in the Mount that lies from Eden North,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged Warriour thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
 See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass
 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come
 Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour
 No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
 On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.
 But if within the circuit of these walks,
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou tellst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
 Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
 By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold

The

The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:
 Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
 They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament
 With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led
 The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
 Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
 Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
 And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort, th' hour
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
 Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long
 Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies;
 While other Animals unactive range,
 And of thir doings God takes no account.
 To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:
 Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms,

H 4

That

That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.
 To whom thus *Eve* with perfect beauty adorn'd,
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
 God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise,
 With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and thir change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
 Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
 And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train:
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
 On this delightful Land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
 Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful Eevning mild, nor silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
 Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.
 But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general Ancestor repli'd,
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*,
 Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
 By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
 In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
 Ministering light prepar'd, they set and rise;

Lea

Least total darkness should by Night regaine
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
 Of various influence foment and warme,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray,
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
 Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep
 Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note
 Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to thir blisful Bower; it was a place
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to mans delightful use; the rooffe
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous floure,
Iris all hues, *Roses*, and *Gessamin*

Rear'd

Rear'd high thir flourish'd heads between, and wrong
 Mosaic; underfoot the Violet,
 Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with Stone
 Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;
 Such was thir awe of Man. In shadie Bower
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feign'd,
Pan or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess
 With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs
 Espoused *Eve* deckt first her nuptial Bed,
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods
 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser Son
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd
 Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire.

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood
 Both turn'd, and under op'n Skie ador'd
 The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth and Heav'n
 Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe
 And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
 Which we in our appointed work imployd
 Have finish'd happie in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the Crown of all our blis
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race

To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which God likes best, into thir inmost bowre
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which wee wear,
 Strait side by side were laid, nor turn'd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites
 Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:
 Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
 Of puritie and place and innocence,
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all,
 Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?
 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole proprietie,
 In Paradise of all things common else.
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to range, by thee
 Founded in Reason, Loyal, just, and Pure,
 Relations dear, and all the Charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard,

Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
 Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
 Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,
 And on thir naked limbs the flourish'd roof
 Show'd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood arm'd
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade,
 When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North.
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.
 From these, two strong and futtle Spirits he call'd
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and *Zephor*, with wingd speed
 Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.
 This Evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant Files,
 Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*;

Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
 The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
 Vaine hopes, vaine aimes, inordinate desires
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear
 Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
 Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
 Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
 Against a rumord VVarr, the Smuttie graine
 VVith sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
 Back stept those two faire Angels half amaz'd
 So sudden to behold the grieffie King;
 Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,
 VVhy satst thou like an enemy in waite
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said *Satan*, fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not mee? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;
 Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
 VVhy ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus *Zephor*, answering scorn with scorn.

Think

Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known
As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure
That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.
But come, for thou, before, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Vertue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephor* bold,
Will save us trial what the least can doe
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went haucie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they
The western Point, where those half-rounding
Just met, and closing stood in Squadron join'd
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus call'd aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern
Itburriel and *Zephor* through the shade,

And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.
Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in blis?

To whom thus *Satan*, with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thy self, no
And boldly venture to whatever place (doubt,
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompence
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason; who knowst only good,
But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer barr
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,

Disdain-

Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
 Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,
 And now returns him from his prison scap't,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain
 However, and to scape his punishment.
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provok't.
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
 Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,
 The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alledg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stem
 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
 Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide
 Thy blasting volied Thunder made all speed
 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before,
 Argue thy inexperience what behooves
 From hard affaies and ill successes past
 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
 Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd,
 I therefore, I alone first undertook

To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie
 This new created World, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel, soon repli'd.
 To say and strait unsay, pretending first
 Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,
 Argues no Leader but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;
 Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to th' acknowldg'd Power supream?
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more then thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd
 Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?
 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;
 Flie thither, whence thou fledst: if from this houre
 Within these hallowd limits thou appear,
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,
 And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
 The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd,

Then

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yolk, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pave

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron
Turn'd fierie red, sharpening in mooned hornes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe
What seem'd both Spear and Shield: now dread
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
At least had gon to rack, disturb'd and torne
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight;

The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign (weak,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

Paradise Lost

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her trouble
some dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They
come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning Hymn
at the Door of thir Bower. God to render Man
excusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his
obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand,
who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may
avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Para-
dise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by
Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he
goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, enter-
tains him with the choycest fruits of Paradise got to-
gether by Eve; thir discourse at Table: Raphael
performs his message, minds Adam of his state and
of his enemy; relates at Adams request who that
enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from
his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof;
how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the
North*

*North, and there incited them to rebel with him, per-
suading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argu-
ment diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

NOW Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with Orient Pearle,
When *Adam* wak't, so customd, for his sleep
Was Aerie light from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill Matin Song
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heavens last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,

Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksom night; methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
 Why sleepest thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes
 Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:
 And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that Tree he also gaz'd;
 And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit furcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?
 Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?
 This said he pass'd not, but with ventrous Arme

He, pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:
 But he, thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
 Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit
 For God's, yet able to make Gods of Men:
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant growes,
 The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
 Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
 Partake thou also; happie though thou art,
 Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluckt; the pleasant favourie smell
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wondring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly
 My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
 Related, and thus *Adam* answer'd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;

Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the Soule
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve
 Reason as chief; among these Fancie next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful Senses represent,
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private Cell when Nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancie wakes
 To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,
 Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Som such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks
 That wont to be more chearful and serene
 Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
 That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
 So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,

Each

Each in thir Chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that feard to have offended.

So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.
 But first from under shadie arborous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
 With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,
 Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
 Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
 Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid
 In various style, for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,
 More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sittest above these Heavens
 To us invisible or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:
 Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light,
 Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
 Circle his Throne rejoicing, yee in Heav'n,
 On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extoll
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,

If

If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn;
 With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphære
 While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule
 Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb st,
 And when high Noon hast gaind, and when thou fall'st
 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now flit
 With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
 And yee five other wandring Fires that move
 In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
 His praise, who out of Darknes call'd up Light,
 Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth
 Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseles change
 Varie to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
 In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolour'd skie,
 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pine
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
 Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Joyn voices all ye living Soules, ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk

The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witnes if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
 To Hill; or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us onely good; and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
 Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.
 On to thir mornings rural work they haste
 Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
 Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr
 Thir pamper'd boughes, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine
 To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her down th' adopted Clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld
 With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

Raphael, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap't through the darksom Gulf
 Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or shade
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
 To respit his day-labour with repast,
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happie state,

Happines

Happiness in his power left free to will,
 Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
 Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware
 He swerve not too secure: tell him withall
 His danger, and from whom, what enemy
 Late falln himself from Heav'n, is plotting now
 The fall of others from like state of blifs;
 By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprifal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld
 All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint
 After his charge receivd; but from among
 Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
 Vailld with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quire
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opens wide
 On golden Hinges turning, as by work
 Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.
 From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining Globes,
 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd
 Above all Hills. As when by night the Glasse
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
 Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:
 Or Pilot from amidst the Cyclades
 Delos or Samos first appeering kenns
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie
 Sailes between worlds and worlds, with steddie wing
 Not

Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann
 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare
 Of Towring Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems
 A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
 Bright Temple, to Egyptian Theb's he flies.
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest
 With regal Ornament; the middle pair
 Girt like a Starric Zone his waste, and round
 Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold
 And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
 Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
 Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld
 The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high in honour rise;
 For on som message high they guesd him bound.
 Thir glittering Tents he pasd, and now is come
 Into the blifsful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
 And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;
 A Wildernis of sweets; for Nature here
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wilde above Rule or Art; enormous blifs.
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
 Adam discern'd, as in the dore he sat
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies to warme
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then Adam needs;
 And

And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner favourie fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie *Stream*
Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another Morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths hallowd mould
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste and from each bough and break,
Each Plant and jucieft Gourd will pluck such choise
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee
Beholding shall confesse that here on Earth
God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change,

Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields
In *India* East or West, or middle shoare
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape
She crushes, inoffensive moult, and meathes
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With Rose and Odours from the shrub untum'd.
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himself was all his state,
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Neerer his presence *Adam* though not awd,
Yet with submits approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior Nature, bowing low,

Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the Thrones above,
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shade Bowre
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.

Whom

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde,
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
 To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
 Or shades; for these mid-hours, till Eevening rise
 I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
 They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd
 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*
 Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair
 Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
 Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile
 Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
 Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*
 Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
 Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
 Then with these various fruits the Trees of God
 Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf
 Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
 And on her ample Square from side to side
 All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
 No fear left Dinner coole; when thus began
 Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good unmeasur'd out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
 The Earth to yield; unfavourie food perhaps
 To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
 That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
 Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intelligential substances require
 As doth your Rational; and both contain
 Within them every lower facultie
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs
 To be sustaind and fed; of Elements
 The grosser feeds the purer, Earth the Sea,
 Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
 Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
 Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.
 Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist Continent to higher Orbes,
 The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimential recompence
 In humid exhalations, and at Even
 Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines
 Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn
 We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
 And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heate

To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchymist
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
 Metals of drossiest Ore to perfect Gold
 As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
 Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousie
 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic
 Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
 In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass
 Given him by this great Conference to know
 Of things above his World, and of thir being
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech
 Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what compar

To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.
 O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return,
 If not deprav'd from good, created all

Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
 As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
 Each in thir severall active Sphears assignd,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
 More aerie, last the bright consummate flour
 Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
 Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
 To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual, give both life and sense,
 Fancie and understanding, whence the Soule
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance, time may come when men
 With Angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend
 Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire
 Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happie state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd,
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
 From center to circumference, whereon
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found*
Obedient? can we want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what blifs
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;
 Our voluntarie service he requires,
 Not our necessitated, such with him
 findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By Destinie, and can no other choose?
 My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none; freely we serve,
 Because wee freely love, as in our will

To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall
 From what high state of blifs into what woe!

To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted care,
 Divine instructor, I have heard, then when
 Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
 Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free;
 Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our maker, and obey him whose command
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou tellest
 Hath past in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
 Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*
 After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
 To human sense th' invisible exploits
 Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
 The ruin of so many glorious once
 And perfect while they stood; how last unscold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
 This is dispens't, and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,

As may express them best, though what if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wilde
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day
(For time, though in Eternitie, appli'd
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day

As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal Host
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright.

Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;

Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,

Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in blis imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.

This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow

All

All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soule

For ever happie: him who disobeyes
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all
That day, as other solemn dayes, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular

Then most, when most irregular they seem,
And in thir motions harmonie Divine
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
Listens delighted. Eevning now approach'd

(For wee have also our Eevning and our Morn,
Wee ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous; all in Circles as they stood,

Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.

On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortalie and joy, secure
Of surfet where full measure onely bounds
Exceeds, before th' all bounteous King, who showrd
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.

K 4

Now

Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhald
 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd
 To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
 In darker veile) and roseat Dewes dispos'd
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr
 Then all this globous Earth in Plain out spred,
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
 Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
 Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir court
 Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
 In favour and præminence, yet fraught
 With envie against the Son of God, that day
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
 Through pride that sight, & thought himself impair'd,
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne su. ream
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou Companion dear, what sleep can close
 Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree

Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
 Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
 Both waking we were one; how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou see'st impos'd;
 New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
 Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
 Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
 And all who under me thir Banners wave,
 Homeward with flying march where we possess
 The Quarters of the North, there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King
 The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,
 Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
 Bad influence into th' unwarie brest
 Of his Associate; hee together calls,
 Or severall one by one, the Regent Powers,
 Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
 That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
 Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,
 The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to found
 Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice
 Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;

His

His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
 The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Host:
 Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
 And from within the golden Lamps that burne
 Nightly before him, saw without thir light
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
 Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
 And smiling to his onely Son thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
 Neerly it now concernes us to be sure
 Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim
 Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe
 Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
 In battel, what our Power is, or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all imploy
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer
 Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
 Justly hast in derision, and secure
 Laugh'st at thir vain designs and tumults vain,
 Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
 Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
 Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event

Know

Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
 Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.
 So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers
 Far was advanc't on winged speed, an Host
 Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,
 Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
 Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
 In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which
 All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more
 Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
 And all the Sea, from one entire globose
 Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd
 At length into the limits of the North
 They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat
 High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
 Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towers
 From Diamond Quarries hew'n, and Rocks of Gold,
 The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call
 That Structure in the Dialect of men
 Interpreted) which not long after, he
 Affecting all equality with God,
 In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
 For thither he assembl'd all his Train,
 Pretending so commanded to consult
 About the great reception of thir King,
 Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
 Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears. (ers,
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues, Pow-
 If these magnific Titles yet remain

Not

Not meerly titular, since by Decree
 Another now hath to himself ingross't
 All Power, and us eclips't under the name
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
 This onely to consult how we may best
 With what may be devis'd of honours new
 Receive him coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
 Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
 But what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
 Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
 Natives and Sons of Heav'n possess before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
 Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then or right assume
 Monarchie over such as live by right
 His equals, if in power and splendor less,
 In freedome equal? or can introduce
 Law and Edict on us, who without law
 Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration to th' abuse
 Of those Imperial Titles which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador'd
 The Deitie, and divine commands obey'd.

Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
 Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate
 In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.
 Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne
 The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,
 That to his only Son by right endu'd
 With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist
 Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let Reigne,
 One over all with unsucceded power.
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of libertie, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir being?
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignitie
 How provident he is, how farr from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happie state under one Head more neer
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:
 Thy self though great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
 As by his Word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
 By him created in thir bright degrees,
 Crownd them with Glory, and to thir Glory nam'd
 Thrones,

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made, since he the Head
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
While Pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were form'd then saist thou? and the work
Of secundarie hands, by task transfer'd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who
When this creation was? rememberst thou (in
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hdarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of Gods *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws
Will not be now voutsaf't, other Decrees
Against thee are gon forth without recall;
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, uneduc'd, unterrifi'd
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,

Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind,
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
 On those proud Towers to swift destruction down'd

The End of the Fifth Book.

Paradise

Paradise Lost.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory: Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

L

ALL

ALL night the dreadful Angell unpursu'd
 Through Heav'n's wide Champain held
 way, till Morn,
 Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie hue
 Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
 Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
 Where light and darknes in perpetual round
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thron'd
 Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night; (Heav'n
 Light issues forth, and at the other dore
 Obsequious darknes enters, till her houre
 To veile the Heav'n, though darknes there might
 Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
 Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold
 Empyrean, from before her vanish Night,
 Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
 Coverd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,
 Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
 Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found
 Already known what he for news had thought
 To have reported: gladly then he mixt
 Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one
 That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one
 Returnd not lost: On to the sacred hill
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supream; from whence a voice
 From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.
 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintaind
 Against revolted multitudes the Cause
 Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;
 And for the testimonie of Truth hast born

Universal reproach, far worse to beare
 Then violence: for this was all thy care
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
 Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return
 Then scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
 By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
 Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
 Go *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,
 And thou in Military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
 By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight,
 Equal in number to that Godless crew
 Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Armes
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
 Pursuing drive them out from God and blifs,
 Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
 Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
 His fiery *Chaos* to receive thir fall.

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
 To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
 In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
 Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:
 At which command the Powers Militant,
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
 Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence thir bright Legions, to the found
 Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd
 Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
 Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause

Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,
 Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divider,
 Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground
 Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore
 Thir nimble tread, as when the total kind
 Of Birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summond over *Eden* to receive
 Thir names of thee; so over many a tract
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht
 In battailous aspect, and neerer view
 Brisl'd with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
 Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
 The banded Powers of *Satan* halting on
 With furious expedition; for they weend
 That self same day by fight, or by surprize
 To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
 To set the envier of his State, the proud
 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain
 In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
 At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in Festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire
 Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shour
 Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst exalted as a God
 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate
 Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd

With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
 Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful intervall, and Front to Front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
 On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,
Satan with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,
 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
 Remain not; wherfore should not strength and might
 There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest; though to fight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,
 I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
 That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
 Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
 When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens't, and thus securely him defid.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
 The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power
 Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain

Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
 Who out of smallest things could without end
 Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitarie hand
 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow
 Unaided could have finish't thee, and whelmd
 Thy Legions under darkness; but thou see'st
 All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith
 Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent
 From all: my Sect thou see'st, now learn too late
 How few somtimes may know, when thousands see

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
 Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre
 Of my revenge, first fought for thou return'st
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
 A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
 Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel
 Vigour Divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
 From me som Plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 (Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;
 At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n
 To heav'nly Soules had bin all one; but now
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministring Spirits, train'd up in Feast and Song;
 Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelle of Heav'n,
 Servitie with freedom to contend,

As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.
 To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.
 Apostat, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
 Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while
 From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
 He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee
 His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way
 Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd
 The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout,
 Prefage of Victorie and fierce desire
 Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid sound
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet, through the vast of Heaven

It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
 The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd
 The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles
 Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
 And flying vaulted either Host with fire.
 So under fierie Cope together rush'd
 Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
 Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
 Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
 On either side, the least of whom could weild
 These Elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power
 Armie against Armie numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
 Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;
 Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
 From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
 And limited thir might; though numberd such
 As each divided Legion might have seemd
 A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
 A Legion, led in fight, yet Leader seemd
 Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of Battel, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed

That

That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,
 As onely in his arm the moment lay
 Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame
 Were don, but infinite: for wide was spread
 That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then
 Conflicting Fire: long time in even scale
 The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
 No equal, raunging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
 A vast circumference: At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seeest
 These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Miserie, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here

To

To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of blifs;
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr,
Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,
Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented paine.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with thine
To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style
The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid,
I flie not, but have fought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likens on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields

Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as to set forth
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword
Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God
Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so fore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pafs'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour staid ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd
From off the files of warr; there they him laid

Gnashing

Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live through
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In Entrails, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines;
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,
 All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
 They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd
 Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
 And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
 Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,
 And at his Chariot wheelles to drag him bound
 Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes
 And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Arm'd,
 Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight,
 Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maille
 Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
 Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrow.
 I might relate of thousands, and thir names

Eternize

Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
 Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
 In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
 Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
 Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
 Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
 Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir Mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap
 Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd
 And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld
 Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
 Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:
 Such high advantages thir innocence
 Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,

And

And silence on the odious din of Warr;
 Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
 Victor and Vanquish't: on the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
 Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappeerd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
 His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
 Not to be overpower'd, Companions deare,
 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
 Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
 Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
 What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send
 Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd,
 Since now we find this our Emphyreal form
 Incapable of mortal injurie
 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
 Of evil then so small as easie think
 The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
 Or equal what between us made the odds,

In Nature none: if other hidden cause
 Lest them Superiour, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
 Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.
 Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what availles
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect miserie, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturnes
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
 Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.
 Not unvented that, which thou aright
 Believest so main to our success, I bring;
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
 With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,
 Whose

Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
 With Heav'n's ray, and temperd they shoot forth
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
 These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hallow Engins long and round
 Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
 From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dash
 To pieces; and orewhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmd
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
 Effect shall end our wish: Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despaird.
 He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
 Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
 To be th' inventer mis'd, so easie it seemd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have
 Impossible: yet haply of thy Race (thought
 In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'lish machination might devise
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
 For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent:
 Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turnd

Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
 Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
 They found, they mingl'd, and with futtle Art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
 Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
 Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unesp'd.
 Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms
 The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood
 Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
 Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed
 Each quarter, to descric the distant foe, (scour,
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in alt: him soon they met
 Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in slow
 But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd,
 Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud
 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orb'd Shield;

Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
 But rattling storm of Arrows barb'd with fire.
 So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment;
 Instant without disturb they took Alarm,
 And onward move Embattel'd; when behold
 Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
 Approaching gros and huge; in hollow Cube
 Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd
 On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.

Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open brest
 Stand readie to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
 But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part; yee who appointed stand
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words he scarce,
 Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front
 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.
 Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,
 A triple mounted row of Pillars laid
 On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd
 Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr
 With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
 Brass, Iron, Stone mould, had not thir mouthes
 With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,

partending hollow truce; at each behind
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
 Stood waving tip't with fire; while we suspense,
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
 Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,
 From those deep throated Engins belcht, whose roar
 Emboweld with outragious noise the Air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
 Thir devilish glar, chard Thunderbolts and Hail
 Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host
 Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,
 That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand;
 Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
 The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove; but now
 Foule distipation follow'd and forc't rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax thir ferried files.
 What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd;
 And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
 In posture to displode thir second tire
 Of Thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir plight,
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,
 To entertain them fair with open Front

And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose
If our propofals once again were heard
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus *Belial* in like gamefom mood,
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might
To match with thir inventions they presum'd
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
And all his Host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,
From thir foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops

Uplifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Bo'sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The Bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed Engines triple-row
They saw them whelm'd, and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,
Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and bruis'd
Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like Armes
Berook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground, they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
Had gon to wrack, with ruin overspred,
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
 And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
 Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
 Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
 Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient; fore hath been thir fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;
 For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
 Equal in their Creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found:
 Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines, (makes
 With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which
 Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
 Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr
 Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
 Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
 Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
 In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
 And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
 By Sacred Uction, thy deserved right.
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,
 Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles
 That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my Warr,
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms

Gird

Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;
 Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
 From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter Deep:
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
 Shon full, he all his Father full exprest
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd,

And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst
 To glorie thy Son, I alwayes thee,
 As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my blifs.
 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
 For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
 To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying Worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
 Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
 Unfained *Halleluiahs* to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
 So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose
 From the right hand of Glorie where he sat,

M 4

And

And the third sacred Morn began to shine
 Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with wheels
 The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, (wind
 Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele
 It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd
 By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
 Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
 And wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the wheels
 Of Beril, and careering Fires between;
 Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
 Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd
 Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen;
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the Chrystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:
 Under whose conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
 Under thir Head imbodied all in one.
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd

Each

Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.
 This saw his hapless Foes but stood obdur'd,
 And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
 They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
 Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
 Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
 Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
 Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
 In universal ruin last, and now
 To final Battel drew, disdainig flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
 And as ye have receivd, so have ye don
 Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs,
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
 Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
 Nor multitude, stand onely and behold
 Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
 By mee, not you but mee they have despis'd,
 Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,
 Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supream
 Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,

Hath

Hath honourd me according to his will.
 Therefore to mee thir doom he hath affig'n'd
 That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee
 In Battel which the stronger proves, they all
 Or I alone against them, since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld
 And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
 At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
 Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound
 Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.
 Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
 Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheelles
 The stedfast Emphyrean shook throughout,
 All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd
 Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
 All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;
 O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rold
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wisht the Mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheelles
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire

Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength,
 And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
 Of Goats or tumerous flock together throngd
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And Chrystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
 Into the walful Deep; the monstrous sight
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worfe
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled
 Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine dayes they fell; confounded *Chaos* roard,
 And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
 Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
 Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last
 Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
 Disburnd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
 Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes
Messiah his triumphal Chariot turnd:
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,

With

With Jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
 Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
 Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd
 On high: who into Glorie him receav'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of blifs.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
 At thy request, and that thou maist beware
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
 What might have else to human Race bin hid;
 The discord which besel, and Warr in Heav'n
 Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld
 With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state,
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that with him
 Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake
 His punishment, Eternal miserie;
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,
 As a despite don against the most High,
 Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.
 But list'n not to his Temptations, warne
 Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
 By terrible Example the reward
 Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

The End of the Sixth Book.

Paradise

Paradise Lost.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascention into Heaven.

D Escend from Heav'n *Urania*, by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
 Following, above th' *Olympian Hill* I soare,
 Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.

The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
 Nor of the *Muses nine*, nor on the top
 Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlic borne,
 Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,

Thou

Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
 An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Emphyreal Aire,
 Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
 Return me to my Native Element:
 Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
 Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorne.
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible Diurnal Sphear,
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
 On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass round,
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
 Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
 Of *Bacchus* and his revellers, the Race
 Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
 In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
 To rapture, till the savage clamor dround
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her Son. So sail not thou, who thee implores:
 For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.

Say Goddes, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware

Apostate

Apostate, by what befell in Heaven
 To these Apostates, least the like befall
 In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree;
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
 So easily obey'd amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please thir appetite,
 Though wandring. He with his consoorted *Eve*
 The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration, and deep Muse to heare
 Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
 And Warr so neer the Peace of God in blifs
 With such confusion; but the evil soon
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What neerer might concern him, how this World
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,
 What within *Eden* or without was done
 Before his memorie, as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,
 Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd
 Divine interpreter, by favour sent
 Down from the Emphyrean to forewarne
 Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe

Immor-

Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receave with solemne purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovran will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps availe us known,
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adornd
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
 Imbracing round this florid Earth, ~~what~~ cause
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
 Through all Eternitie so late to build
 In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfold
 What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
 Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
 To magnifie his works, the more we know.
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
 Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
 And longer will delay to heare thee tell
 His Generation, and the rising Birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:
 Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
 Hasten to thy audience, Night with her will bring
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
 End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.

Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought:
 And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.

This also thy request with caution askt
 Obtaine: though to recount Almighty works
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
 To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above
 I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
 Onely Omniscient, hath suppress't in Night,
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
 Anough is left besides to search and know.
 But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain,
 Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns
 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
 Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
 Into his place, and the great Son returnd
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
 Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
 This inaccessible high strength, the fear
 Of Deitie supream, us dispossest,
 He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;

Yet farr the greater part have kept; I see,
 Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
 Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
 With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:
 But least his heart exalt him in the harme
 Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire
 That detriment, if such it be to lose
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create
 Another World, out of one man a Race
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,
 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, & Heav'n to Earth
 One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
 Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
 I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,
 And put not forth my goodnes, which is free
 To act or not, Necessitie and Chance
 Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
 His Worl', the filial Godhead, gave effect.
 Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
 Then time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without procees of speech be told,

So told as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n
 When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;
 Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
 To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:
 Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
 And th' habitations of the just; to him
 Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, in stead
 Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
 Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
 So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
 On his great Expedition now appear'd,
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
 Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
 About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
 And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
 Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harness at hand,
 Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
 Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide
 Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
 On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
 Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,

Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
 And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
 Heav'n's highth, and with the Center mix the Pole
 Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace
 Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
 Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;
 For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Train
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand
 He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd
 In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
 This Universe, and all created things:

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
 And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,
 This be thy just Circumference, O World.
 Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
 Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound
 Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
 And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
 Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd
 The black tartareous cold Infernal dregs
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
 Like things to like, the rest to several place
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
 And Earth self ballanc'd on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
 Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
 To journey through the airie gloom began,
 Spher.

Spher'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
 Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
 Sigh'd the while. God saw the Light was good;
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
 The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,
 And touch't thir Golden Harps, and hymning prais'd
 God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
 Both when ~~S~~ Eevning was, and when first Morn,

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
 Amid the Waters, and let it divide
 The Waters from the Waters: and God made
 The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
 The Waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World
 Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide
 Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, least fierce extreames
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
 And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n
 And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
 Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
 Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
 Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,

Fermented the great Mother to conceive
 Satiated with genial moisture, when God said
 Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry Land appear.
 Immediately the Mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
 Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
 So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they
 Hastened with glad precipitance, uprowld
 As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
 Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floods: as Armies at the call
 Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
 Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
 Easie, ere God had bid the ground be drie,
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
 Put forth the verdant Grasse, Herb yielding Seed,
 And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;
 Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,

Brought

Brought forth the tender Grasse, whose verdure clad
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
 The Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
 Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustring Vine, forth crept
 The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed
 Embattell'd in her field: and the humble Shrub,
 And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread
 Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd
 Thir blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
 With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,
 With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
 Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
 None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in the Earth
 God made, and every Herb, before it grew
 On the green stemm; God saw that it was good.
 So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be Lights
 High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide
 The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,
 For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,
 And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
 Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n
 To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.
 And God made two great Lights, great for thir use
 To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
 The less by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,

N 4

And

And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day
 In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,
 And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
 For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
 A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightfom first,
 Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of Starrs,
 And sowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:
 Of Light by farr the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd
 In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid Light, firm to ~~remaine~~
 Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
 Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
 Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,
 And hence the Morning Planet guilds her horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
 So farr remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
 Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run
 His Longitude through Heav'ns high roode the gray
 Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in level West was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,
 Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign
 With thousand lesser Lights dividial holds,

With

With thousand thousand Starres, that then appear'd
 Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd
 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
 Glad Eevning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth day.
 And God said, let the Waters generate
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.
 And God created the great Whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by thir kindes,
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
 And saw that it was good, and blest'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay
 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
 Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
 Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, and through Groves
 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
 Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
 Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
 In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
 Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
 Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
 Strecht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.

Mean

Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
 Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge
 They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublim
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
 Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea's
 Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane
 Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
 Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted wings
 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
 Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, Row'd
 Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit
 The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
 The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sound
 The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train
 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
 With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
 With Eevning Harpe and Mattin, when God said,

Let th' Earth bring forth Foul living in her kinde,
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
 Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait
 Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,
 Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
 As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
 In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd;
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appear'd
 The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
 And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
 Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
 In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
 Beh. math biggest born of Earth upheav'd
 His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,
 As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
 The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
 In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
 These as a line thir long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
 Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept

The

The Parsimonious Emmer, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
 Of Commonaltie: swarming next appear'd
 The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
 With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
 And thou thir Natures know'st, & gav'st them Names
 Needlest to thee repeated; nor unknown
 The Serpent fittl'st Beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes
 And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand
 First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
 Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;
 There wanted yet the Master work, the end
 Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
 And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
 With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
 His Stature, and upright with Front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
 Directed in Devotion, to adore
 And worship God Supream, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (For where is not hee
 Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
 In our similitude, and let them rule
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
 Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
 This said, he formd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
 The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
 Created thee, in the Image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and said,
 Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
 Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st
 He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
 This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields,
 Varietie without end; but of the Tree
 Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
 Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;
 Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, least sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
 Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixt day:
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd

Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
 Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
 Followd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in thir station list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in
 The great Creator from his work returnd
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged Messengers
 On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
 The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample rode, whose dur is Gold
 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appear,
 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest
 Powderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seventh
 Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun
 Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
 Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
 Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne
 Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,

The Filial Power arriv'd, and fate him down
 With his great Father (for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Sev'nth day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
 Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.
 Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,
 Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite
 Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue
 Relate thee; greater now in thy return
 Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
 Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create
 Is greater then created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine
 Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'it more good.
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
 From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
 On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's

Numerous,

Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st
Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
Created in his Image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
And multiply a Race of Worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the Emphyrean rung,
With *Halleluiabs*: Thus was Sabbath kept,
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

The End of the Seventh Book.

Paradise

Paradise Lost.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledg: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE Angel ended, and in *Adams* Eare
So Charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to
Then as new wak't thus gratefully replid. (hear;
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't

This

This friendly condescension to relate
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
 With glorie attributed to the high
 Creator; something yet of doubt remains,
 Which onely thy solution can resolve.
 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,
 Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,
 An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
 And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such
 Thir distance argues and thir swift return
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night; in all thir vast survey
 Useles besides, reasoning I oft admire,
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit
 Such disproportion, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler Bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold to this one use,
 For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
 That better might with farr less compass move,
 Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines
 Her end without least motion, and receives,
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.
 So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
 Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,

And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
 And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her eare
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
 Adam relating, the sole Auditress;
 Her Husband the Relater she prefer'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather; hee, she knew would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
 Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
 And from about her shot Darts of desire
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
 His Seasons, Hours, or Dayes, or Months, or Yeares:
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
 Rather admire; or if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns

Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves
 The benefit: consider first, that Great
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
 Nor glistering, may of solid good containe
 More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,
 Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd
 His beams, unactive else, thir vigour find.
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
 Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak
 The Makers high magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those Circles attribute,
 Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could adde
 Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow.

Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
 In *Eden*, distance inexpressible
 By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
 Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
 God to remove his wayes from human sense,
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might erre in things too high,
 And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
 Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
 By his attractive vertue and thir own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?
 Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
 The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different Motions move?
 Which else to severall Sphears thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
 Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
 Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
 Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
 If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
 Travelling East, and with her part averse
 From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
 Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,
 To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
 Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
 This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,

Feilds and Inhabitants : Her spots thou see'st
 As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
 Fruits in her soft and Soile, for some to eat
 Allotted there ; and other Suns perhaps
 With thir attendant Moons thou wilt describe
 Communicating Male and Femal Light,
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live,
 For such vast room in Nature unpossess't
 By living Soules, desert and desolate,
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each Orb a glimpse of Light, convey'd so farr
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
 Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
 Or Shee from West her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,
 And beares thee soft with the smooth Air along,
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and feare ;
 Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
 Wherever plac't, let him dispose : joy thou
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy faire *Eve* ; Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there ; be lowly wise :
 Think onely what concernes thee and thy being ;
 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition or degree,
 Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd
 Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd,
 How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
 God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
 And not molest us, unless we our selves
 Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.
 But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave
 Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end ;
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and suttle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,
 Or emptines, or fond impertinence,
 And renders us in things that most concerne
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise
 Of something not unseasonable to ask
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
 Thee I have heard relating what was don
 Ere my remembrance : now hear mee relate
 My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;
 And Day is yet not spent ; till then thou see'st
 How suttly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
 Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek,
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image faire:
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes,
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;
For I that Day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Least hee incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge,

But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire,
For Man to tell how human Life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Srood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, and lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,

From

As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
 Approaching two and two, These cowering low
 With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension: but in these
 I found not what me thought I wanted still;
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
 Surpassest farr my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this Universe,
 And all this good to man, for whose well being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things: but with mee
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.

What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth
 With various living creatures, and the Aire
 Replenish't, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee, know'st thou not
 Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set?

Among unequals what societie
 Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce
 Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;
 Worst then can Man with Beast, and least of all.
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
 A nice and suttile happiness I see
 Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.
 What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess't
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone
 From all Eternitie, for none I know
 Second to me or like, equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse
 Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferiour, infinite descents
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine
 The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
 All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;
 Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee
 Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,

But

But in degree, the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Shouldst propagat, already infinite;
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;
 But Man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
 In unitie defective, which requires
 Collateral love, and deereft amitie.
 Thou in thy secrecie although alone,
 Best with thy self accompanied, seek'ft not
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt
 Of Union or Communion, deis'd;
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
 Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
 And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'ft,
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
 And no such companie as then thou saw'ft
 Intended thee for trial onely brought,
 To see how thou could'ft judge of fit and meet:
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,

Thy wish exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,
 Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
 In that celestial Colloquie sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell
 Of Fancie my internal sight, by which
 Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
 Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took
 From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,
 And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:
 The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
 Manlike, but different Sex, so lovly faire,
 That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
 Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her Aire inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 Shee disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: On she came,

Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every gesture dignitie and love.
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable; or to say all,
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,
And happie Constellations on that houre
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night

Paradise Lost.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to thir labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength; Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtile approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him

to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The Serpent now grows bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit: The Effects thereof in them both, they seek to cover thir nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

NO more of talk where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change
Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument
Not less but more Heroic then the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd
Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,
Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;
If answerable style I can obtaine
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes

Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires
Easie my unpremeditated Verse:
Since first this Subject for Heroic Song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by Nature to indite
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maistrice to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights
In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,
Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,
Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;
Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgeous Knights
At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast
Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;
The skill of Artifice or Office mean,
Not that which justly gives Heroic name
To Person or to Poem. Mee of these
Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument
Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climat, or Years damp my intended wing
Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent

On mans destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd,
 By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd
 From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
 Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri'd
 His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
 That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
 The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
 He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
 On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the
 Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise (change,
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose
 Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought
 Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land
 From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Maotis, up beyond the River *Ob*;
 Downward as farr *Antaric*; and in length
 West from *Oromes* to the Ocean barr'd
 At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and *Indus*: thus the Orb he roam'd
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep
 Consider'd every Creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
 The Serpent fittest Beast of all the Field.
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom

To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight; for in the wilie Snake,
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native suttletie
 Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
 Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward griefe
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
 O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
 For what God after better worse would build?
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
 That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
 Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
 In thee concentrating all thir precious beams
 Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n
 Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,
 Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appears
 Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
 Of Creatures animate with gradual life
 Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walkt thee round,
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
 Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
 Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crown'd,
 Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But

But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
 To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supream,
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
 For onely in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
 In wo then; that destruction wide may range:
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
 What he *Almightie* styl'd, six Nights and Days
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long
 Before had bin contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer then since I in one Night freed
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half
 Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
 And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
 More Angels to Create, if they at least
 Are his Created, or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original,
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
 Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
 Thir earthy Charge: Of these the vigilance

I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
 In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mазie foulds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the height of Deitie aspir'd;
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soard, obnoxious first or last
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.
 So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
 The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,
 His head the midst, well stor'd with futtle wiles:
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
 Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential; but his sleep
 Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.
 Now

Now when as sacred Light began to dawne
 In Eden on the humid Flours, that breathd
 Thir morning incense, when all things that breath
 From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
 With grateful Smell, forth came the human pair
 And joind thir vocal Worship to the Quire
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:
 Then commune how that day they best may ply
 Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew
 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
 And Eve first to her Husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,
 Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides
 Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
 Or bear what to my minde first thoughts present,
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
 The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I
 In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
 With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our taske we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
 Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
 Sole Eve, Associate, sole, to me beyond
 Compare above all living Creatures deare,
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employd
 How we might best fulfill the work which here
 God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
 In Woman, then to studie household good,
 And good workes in her Husband to promote,
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labour, as to debarr us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow
 To brute deny'd, and are of Love the food,
 Love not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksom toile, but to delight
 He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.
 These paths & Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands
 Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
 Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield,
 For solitude sometimes is best societie,
 And short retirement urge sweet returne.
 But other doubt posselles me, least harm
 Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst
 What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His with and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each

To other speedie aide might lend at need;
 Whether his first designe be to withdraw
 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no blifs
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*,
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd,
 Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord
 That such an Enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learne,
 And from the parting Angel over-heard
 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,
 Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours.
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
 His violence thou fearst not, being such,
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,
 Can either not receive, or can repell.
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* replyd.
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire;
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade

Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.
 For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperces
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
 Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff
 Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
 If such affront I labour to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
 Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
 Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
 Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.
 I from the influence of thy looks receive
 Access in every Vertue, in thy sight
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or over-reacht
 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.

So spake domestick *Adam* in his care
 And Matrimonial Love; but *Eve*, who thought
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,
 Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
 Single with like defence, wherever met,
 How are we happie, till in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe

Tempting

To other speedie aide might lend at need;
 Whether his first designe be to withdraw
 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no blifs
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 Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
 Single with like defence, wherever met,
 How are we happie, till in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe

Tempting

Tempting affronts us with his foul esteeme
 Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shund or feard
 By us? who rather double honour gaine
 From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
 Favour from Heav'n, our witnesses from th' event,
 And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind?
 Let us not then suspect our happie State
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combin'd,
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,
 And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd;
 O Woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
 Nothing imperfet or deficient left
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,
 Or aught that might his happie State secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
 Against his will he can receive no harme.
 But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinforme the Will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid,
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me,
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the Foe suborn'd,

And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
 Were better, and most likelie if from mee
 Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think, trial unsought may finde
 Us both securer then thus warn'd thou seemst,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence, relie
 On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touch'd onely, that our trial, when least sought,
 May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,
 The willinger I goe, nor much expect
 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
 Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,
 Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self
 In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,
 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver arm'd,
 But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
 To *Pales*, or *Pomona* thus adornd,
 Likeliest she seem'd, *Pomona* when she fled
Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,

Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*,
 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
 Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd
 To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.
 O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless *Eve*,
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that houre in Paradise
 Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and *Strades*
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
 Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Blifs.
 For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,
 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
 And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde
 The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
 The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
 In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft
 Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
 By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies,
 Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spi'd, so thick the *Roses* bushing round
 About her glowd, oft stooping to support
 Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay
 Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,

Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies
 Gently with Mirtle baird, mindless the while,
 Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
 From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.
 Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
 Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
 Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
 Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*:
 Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renownd
Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
 Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse.
 Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.
 As one who long in populous City pent,
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
 Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grasse, or Kine,
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
 What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
 Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
 Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
 Of gesture or lest action overawd
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought;
 That space the Evil one abstracted stood

From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmities ~~in~~ mid,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
Infeebld me, to what I was in Heav'n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclos'd
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
Circular

Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd
Fould above fould a sunning Maze, his Head
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in *Illyria* chang'd
Hermione and *Cadmus*, or the God
In *Epidaurus*; nor to which transformd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was seen,
Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but feard
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Train
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*,
To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound
Of rustling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the Field,
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,
Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd.
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turnd at length
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole ~~Wonder~~, much less arm
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feard
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
 Where universally admir'd; but here
 In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd (seen)
 By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
 Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marveling; at length
 Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
 What may this mean? Language of Man pronounced
 By Tongue of Brute, and human sense express'd?
 The first at least of these I thought deny'd
 To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
 Created mute to all articulat sound;
 The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
 Much reason, and in thir actions oft appears.
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How canst thou speakable of mute, and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?

Say, for such wonder claims attention due.
 To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
 Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,
 Easie to mee it is to tell thee all (obeyd:
 What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be
 I was at first as other Beasts that graze
 The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd
 Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:
 Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd
 A goodly Tree farr distant to behold
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
 Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
 When from the boughes a favorie odour blow'n,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
 Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats
 Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
 Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
 To satisfie the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd
 Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.
 About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
 For high from ground the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach or *Adams*: Round the Tree
 All other Beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the Tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
 I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
 At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceave
 Strange alteration in me, to degree

Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech
 Wanted not long, though ~~in this~~ shape retain'd.
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
 I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
 But all that fair and good in thy Divine
 Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
 United I beheld; no Fair to thine
 Equivalent or second, which compel'd
 Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and *Eve*
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:
 But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far
 For many are the Trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
 Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said *Eve*. Hee leading swiftly rowld
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy

Bright

Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire,
 Compact of unctuous Vapor, which the Night
 Condenses, and she cold environs round,
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
 To Boggs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Poole,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
 Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
 Fruitless to mee, though Fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
 God so commanded, and left that Command
 Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
 Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
 Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit
 Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,
 But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
 The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die. (bold

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more
 The Tempter but with shew of Zeale and Love
 To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,

Fluctuates

Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely and in act
 Rais'd, as of som great man, to begin.
 As when of old som Orator ^{is} found,
 In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
 Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addressd,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
 Somtimes in highth began, as no delay
 Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right,
 So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
 The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,
 Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
 Within me cleere, not onely to discern
 Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes
 Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.
 Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
 Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
 How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
 To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,
 Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
 And life more perfet have attaind then Fate
 Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
 Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
 Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty Trespas, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
 Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
 Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
 To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
 Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeyd:

Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers; he knows that in the day
 Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfetly be then
 Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
 I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
 Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring.
 And what are Gods that Man may not become
 As they, participating God-like food?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
 I question it, for this fair Earth I see,
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
 That who so eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
 Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
 Impart against his will if all be his?
 Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
 In heav'nly breasts? these, these and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.
 He ended, and his words replete with guile
 Into her heart too easie entrance won:
 Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold

Might tempt alone, and in her Ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With Reason, to her seem'd valid with Truth;
 Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell
 So favorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
 Incluable now grown to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye; yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,
 Whose taste, too long forboren, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise
 Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,
 Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
 By thee communicated, and our want:
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions binde not, But if Death
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
 How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
 Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us deni'd
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
 For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first

Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
 The good befall'n him. A poor unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then, rather what know to feare
 Under this ignorance of good and Evil,
 Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?
 Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
 Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
 Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
 The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve
 Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
 In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
 Or fancied so, through expectation high
 Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,
 And knew not eating Death: Satiated at length,
 And high'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
 Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
 In Paradise, of operation blest
 To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature

In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know,
 Though others envie what they cannot give;
 For had the gift bin theirs, had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
 In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
 High and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
 About him. But to *Adam* in what sort
 Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power
 Without Copartner? so to add what wants
 In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not undesireable, sometime
 Superior; for inferior who is free?
 This may be well: but what if God have seen,
 And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in blifs or woe:
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
 But first low Reverence don, as to the power
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd

From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest Flours a *Chitana* to adorne
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
 As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
 Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
 Scarce from the Tree returning; in her hand
 A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,
 New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse
 Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus address.

Hast thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my stay?
 Thee I have mist, and thought it long, depriv'd
 Thy presence, agonie of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
 Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:
 This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
 To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
 And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wife,
 Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,
 Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
 Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,

Reasoning

Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
 Perswasively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have found
 Th' effects to correspond, open'd my Eyes,
 Dimm'd erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise,
 For blifs, as thou hast part, to me is blifs,
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon,
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot
 May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
 Least thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce
 Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her storie told
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.
 On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard
 The fatal Trespass don by *Eve*, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd,
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
 Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best
 Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
 Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?
 Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
 Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,

And mee with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to Die;
 How can I live without thee, how forgoe
 Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,
 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?
 Should God create another *Eve*, and I
 Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no no, I feel
 The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
 Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
 Mine never shall be parted, blifs or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
 Thus in calm mood his Words to *Eve* he turn'd.

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,
 And peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd
 Had it been onely eov'ring to Eye
 That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
 Much more to taste it under banne to touch.
 But past who can recall, or don undoe?
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
 Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaires to live as Man
 Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attaine
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy

Us his prime Creatures, dign'd so high,
 Set over all his Works, *whom* our Fall,
 For us created, needs with us *must* faile,
 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,
 Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power
 Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
 Us to abolish, least the Adversary
 Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God
 Most Favors, who can please him long; *Mee first*
 He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?
 Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe,
 However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
 Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
 Confort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
 Our State cannot be severd, we are one,
 One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.
 O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high!
 Ingaging me to emulate, but short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,
Adam, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,
 And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,
 One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good proof
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
 Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,
 To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,
 Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct

At Loopholes cut thro' thickest shade: Those
 They gatherd, broad *Amazonian* Targe, (Leaves
 And with what skill they had, together sowl,
 To gird thir walle, vain Covering if to hide
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
 To that first naked Glorie. Such of late
Columbus found th' *American* so girt
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
 Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
 Began to rise, high Passion, Anger, Hate,
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord and shook fore
 Thir inward State of Mind, calm Region once
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd
 Superior sway: from thus distemperd brest,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,
 Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, and staid
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
 I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
 Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.
 To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus *Eve*.

What words have past thy Lip, *Adam* severe,
 Imput'st thou that to my defect, or will
 Of wandring, as thou call it, ~~which~~ who know
 But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,
 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;
 No ground of enmitie between us known,
 Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme,
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?
 Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incens'd *Adam* repli'd,
 Is this the Love, is this the recompence
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
 Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal blis,
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking Enemy
 That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,
 And force upon free will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure
 Either to meet no danger, or to finde
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps

I also err'd in overmuch admiring
 What seem'd in thee ~~so great~~ that I thought
 No evil durst at ~~me~~ hee, but I rue
 That error now, which is become my crime,
 And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
 Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
 Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
 And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
 Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.
 Thus they in mutual accusation spent
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
 And of thir vain contest appear'd no end.

The End of the Ninth Book.

Paradise

Paradise Lost

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in purple cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathetic feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan thir way up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Tradition that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell, thir mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full of assembly relates with boasting his success

success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Offspring, proposes to Adam violent wayes which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act Of Satan done in Paradise, and how Hee in the Serpent, had perverted Eve, Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit, Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye Of God All-seeing, or deceive his Heart Omniscient, who in all things wise and just, Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the minde Of Man, with strength entire, and free will arm'd, Complete to have discover'd and repulst Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend. For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,

Who.

Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
 Incurr'd, what could they ~~do~~ the penaltie,
 And manifold in sin, ~~deserv'd~~ also fall,
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
 Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
 For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondring how the suttile Fiend had stoln
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
 That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
 With pitie, violated not thir blifs.
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
 How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,
 And easily approv'd; when the most High
 Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
 Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayd,
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Forerold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed
 On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker; no Decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free Will, to her own inclining left
 In eevn scale. But fall'n he is, and now

What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass
 On his transgression ~~He~~ denounc't that day,
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
 Justice shall not return as bounie scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
 All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell,
 Easie it might be seen that I intend
 Mercie colleague with Justice sending thee
 Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
 Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
 On Earth these thy transgressors but thou knowst,
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine
 Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
 Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none
 Are to behold the Judgment, but the judg'd,

Those

Those two; the third best ^{and best} is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent ^{now} belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The Evening coole when he from wrauth more coole
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unfaught:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth
He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though first
To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;
Love was not in thir looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.
Whence *Adam* fault'ring long, thus answer'd brief
I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice

Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.

My voice thou oft ^{hast} heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoyc't, now is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hast told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* fore beset repli'd.
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergoe
My self the total Crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessitie
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint
Least on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd.
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd

Hers

Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd
 Shee was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
 Were such as under Government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
 And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to *Eve* in few:
 Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate,
 Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
 Serpent though brute, unable to transferre
 The Guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his Creation; justly then accurst,
 As vitiated in Nature: more to know
 Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst
 Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;
 Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,
 And dust shalt eat all the dayes of thy Life.
 Between Thee and the Woman I will put
 Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;
 Her Seed shall bruse thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd
 When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,
 Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
 Prince

Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave
 Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumph
 In open shew, and with ascension bright
 Captivity led captive through the Aire,
 The Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
 Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
 And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
 By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
 Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.
 Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,
 And eaten of the Tree concerning which
 I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof,
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
 Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;
 Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,
 In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,
 Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
 And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day
 Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood
 Before him naked to the aire, that now
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
 As when he wash'd his servants feet so now
 As Father of his Familie he clad
 Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
 Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;

And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight,
To him with swift ascent he up returnd,
Into his blisful bosom reassum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile ere thus was find and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell fate Sin and Death,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his offspring deare? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his Avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,
Or sympathie, or som connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kinde
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inseparable must with mee along:
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But least the difficultie of passing back

Stay his return perhaps over this Gulfe
Impassable, Impervious, let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power, and mine,
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument
Of merit high to alth' infernal Host,
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon,
Goe whither Fate and inclination strong
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The favour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid;

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With sent of living Carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight,
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,
Sagacious of his Quarry from so farr.
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark
Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea

Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell
 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
 Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive
 Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
 Beyond *Petora* Eastward, to the rich
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
 Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,
 As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
 As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look
 Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,
 And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,
 Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wrought on
 Over the foaming deep high Arch, a Bridge
 Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
 Immovable of this now fenceless world
 Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
 Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,
 From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palae high
 Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*
 Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd,
 And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant war
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
 Over the vext Abyss, following the track
 Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee
 First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
 From out of *Chaos* to the out side bare
 Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
 And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable; and now in little space

The confines met of Emphyrean Heav'n
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
 With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
 To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
 Betwixt the *Centaur* and the *Scorpion* steering
 His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:
 Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear
 Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
 Hee after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them terrifi'd
 Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
 By Night, and listening where the hapless Paire
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
 And at the brink of *Chaos*, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
 Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy increas'd.
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.
 O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,

Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,
 Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,
 My Heart, which by a secret harmonie
 Still mov'es with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy look
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt
 Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt
 That I must after thee with this thy Son,
 Such fatal consequence unites us three:
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
 Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
 Thou hast achiev'd our libertie, confin'd
 Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd
 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay
 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.
 Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won
 What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd
 With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd
 Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign
 There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,
 As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
 Of all things parted by th' Empyreal bounds,
 His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
 Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
 Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,
 Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King)

Amplly have merited of me, of all
 Th' infernal Empire, that so nger Heav'n's dore
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm
 Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
 Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
 Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
 To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
 You two this way, among these numerous Orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
 There dwell and Reign in blifs, thence on the Earth
 Dominion exercise and in the Aire,
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now
 My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
 Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
 If your joynt power prevailes, th' affaires of Hell
 No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed
 Thir course through thickest Constellations held
 Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
 And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
 Then sufferd. Th' other way *Satan* went down
 The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side
 Disparted *Chaos* overbuilt exclaim'd,
 And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,
 That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,
 Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,
 And all about found desolate; for those
 Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,

Flown to the upper World; the rest were all
 Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls
 Of *Pandemonium*, Citie and proud seate
 Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion calld,
 Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.
 There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the *Great*
 In Council sate, sollicitous what chance
 Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd,
 As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
 By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines
 Retires, or *Bactrian* *Sophi* from the hornes
 Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The Realm of *Aladule*, in his retreat
 To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late
 Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
 Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch
 Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search
 Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt
 In shew Plebeian Angel militant
 Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
 Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible
 Ascended his high Throne, which under state
 Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end
 Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
 He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
 At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
 And shape Starr bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
 At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
 Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclam'd
 Forth

Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,
 Rais'd from thir Dark *Divan*, and with like joy
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
 Silence, and with these words attention won.
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,
 For in possession such, not onely of right,
 I call ye and declare ye now, returnd
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
 Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,
 And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,
 As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven
 Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
 With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
 What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine
 Voyag'd th' unreal; vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion, over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
 To expedite your glorious march; but I
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride
 Th' untractable Abyffe, plung'd in the womb
 Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde,
 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
 Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found
 The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man
 Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
 Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd
 From his Creator, and the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
 Both his beloved Man and all his World,

To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
 Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
 True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather
 Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
 Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Mee and Mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
 His Seed, when is not fet, shall bruise my head:
 A World who would not purchase with a bruise,
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
 But up and enter now into full blifs.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Thir universal shout and high applause
 To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long
 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he find,
 According to his doom: he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories
 To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hitting through the Hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and taile,

Scorpion

Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphibiana* dire,
Ceraustes hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Elops* drear,
 And *Dipsas* (not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
 Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Isle
Ophiussa) but still greatest hee the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
 Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime,
 Huge *Python*, and his Power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,
 They felt themselves now changing; down thir arms,
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,
 As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood
 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Thir penance, laden with Fruit like that
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
 Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude
 Now ris'n, to work them furdur woe or shame;
 Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,

But

But on thy rould in heaps, and up the Trees
 Climbing, fat thicker then the snakie locks
 That curld *Megara*: greedily they pluck'd
 The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
 Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd thir jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
 Into the same illusion, not as Man
 Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they ^(plagued)
 And worn with Famin, long and ceaseles his,
 Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
 Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
 However some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld
Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide-
 Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
 And *Ops*, ere yet *Diſſean Jove* was born.
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.
 Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,
 What

What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd
 With travail difficult, not better farr
 Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have fate watch,
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
 To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
 To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.
 Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, and Flours
 Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,
 No homely morsels, and whatever thing
 The Sicke of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,
 Till I in Man residing through the Race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them severall wayes,
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
 From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
 To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
 So fair and good created, and had still
 Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man
 Let in these wastful Furies, who impute
 Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell
 And his Adherents, that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
 To gratifie my scornful Enemies,

That

That laugh, as if transported with some fire
 Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their misrule;
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
 Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
 With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling
 Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,
 Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last
 Through *Chaos* hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.
 Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure
 To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:
 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud
 Sung *Halleluia*, as the sound of Seas,
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
 Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;
 Who can extenuate thee? - Next, to the Son,
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song.
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mightie Angels gave them severall charge,
 As sort'd best with present things. The Sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call
 Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
 Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
 Thir planetarie motions and aspects
 In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*.

Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne
 In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
 Thir influence malignant when to showre,
 Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
 Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
 Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
 With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
 Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense
 The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd
 Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun
 Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
 Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins
 Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amaine
 By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
 As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
 Of Seasons to each Cline; else had the Spring
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
 Equal in Days and Nights, except to those
 Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
 To recompence his distance, in thir sight
 Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known
 Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
 From cold *Estotiland*, and South as farr
 Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit
 The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd
 His course intended; else how had the World
 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
 Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,
 Vapour,

Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hor,
 Corrupt and Pestilent; Now from the North
 Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar
 Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
Boreas and *Cacias* and *Argestes* loud
 And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn;
 With aduerse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
 From *Serraliona*; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Windes
Eurus and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and *Libeccio*, Thus began
 Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:
 Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowle with Fowle
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
 The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburd'n fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end
 Of this new glorious World, and mee so late
 The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
 Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
 Of happines: yet well, if here would end
 The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply*,
 Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
 Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
 Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks
 Shall be the execration; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
 On mee as on thir natural center light
 Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
 Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
 To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place
 In this delicious Garden? as my Will
 Concurd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resigne, and render back
 All I receav'd, unable to performe
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I fought not. To the los of that,
 Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
 Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
 I thus contest; then should have been refusd
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,

Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
 But Natural necessity begot.
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
 Thy punishment then justly is at his Will,
 Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
 That du? I am, and shall to dust returne:
 O welcom hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what his Decree
 Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
 Why am I mockt with death, and lengthnd out
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
 Mortalitye my sentence, and be Earth
 Insensible, how glad would lay me down
 As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
 To mee and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
 Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,
 Or in some other dismal place who knows
 But I shall die a living Death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
 And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt since humane reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so.

But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
 Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as Argument
 Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
 For angers sake, finite to infinite
 In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour
 Satisfi'd never; that were to extend
 His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
 By which all Causes else according still
 To the reception of thir matter act,
 Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say
 That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless miserie
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear
 Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenseless head; both Death and I
 Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in mee all
 Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited how would ye blest
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
 Not to do onely, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
 Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain,

And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
 By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
 By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already linkt and Wedlock-bound
 To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
 Which infinite calamitie shall cause
 To Humane life, and household peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*
 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing
 And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, *Adam*, witness Heav'n
 What love sincere and reverence in my heart
 I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
 As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie
 Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,
 On me already lost, mee then thy self
 More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou
 Against God onely, I against God and thee,

Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,
 Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
 With our own hands his Office on our selves;
 Why stand we longer shivering under feares,
 That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire
 Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.
 But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd,
 To better hopes his more attentive minde
 Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee somthing more sublime
 And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
 But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
 Of miserie, so thinking to evade
 The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death
 So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
 Of contumacie will provoke the highest
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek
 Some safer resolution, which methinks
 I have in view, calling to minde with heed
 Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
 The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless

Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit: to crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost
 By death brought on our selves, or childless days
 Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads,
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
 Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke
 Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
 Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
 Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
 Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;
 My labour will sustain me; and least Cold
 Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbefought provided, and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
 Which now the Skie with various Face begins
 To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks

Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
 Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr
 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
 Juttling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine, (down
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
 Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,
 And what may else be remedie or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, then to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
 What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?
 So spake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd

Humbly

Humblly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The End of the Tenth Book.

Paradise

Paradise Lost.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michaels coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces thir departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happ'n till the Flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
 Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above
 Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd
 The stonie from thir hearts, & made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
 Unutter;

Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
 Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less
 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore
 The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine
 Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers
 Flew up, nor misd the way, by envious windes
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
 Dimensionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
 By thir great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Fathers Throne; Them the glad Son
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring.
 Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare
 To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee
 Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
 And propitiation, all his works on mee
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those
 Shall perfer, and for these my Death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in mee from these receave
 The smell of peace toward Mankind, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days

Num-

Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
 To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee
 All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.
 To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene,
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain, all thy request was my Decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell.
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal Elements that know
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
 Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endowd, with Happiness
 And Immortalitie: that fondly lost,
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
 Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
 His final remedie, and after Life
 Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
 By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,
 Wak't in the renovation of the just,
 Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.
 But let us call to Synod all the Blis't
 Through Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not
 My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed, (hide
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw;
 And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.
 He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright Minister that watchd, hee blew

His

His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps
 When God descended, and perhaps once more
 To sound at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast
 Filled all the Regions: from thir blisful Bowrs
 Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,
 By the waters of Life, where ere they fate
 In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light
 Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
 And took thir Seats; till from his Throne supream
 Th' Almighty thus pronounced his sovran Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
 To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
 Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
 His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
 Good by it self, and Evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
 My motions in him, longer then they move,
 His heart I know, how variable and vain
 Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the Garden forth to Till
 The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
 Vacant possession som new trouble raise:
 Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
 From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce
 To them and to thir Progenie from thence

Per

perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint
 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
 For I behold them softn'd and with tears
 Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveale
 To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
 My Cov'nant in the womans seed renewd;
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
 And on the East side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
 Least Paradise a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
 With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
 For swift descent, with him the Cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
 Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir shape
 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,
 Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Pastoral Reed
 Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
 To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalmd
 The Earth, when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*
 Had ended now thir Orisons, and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt;
 Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd.
Eve, easily may Faith admit, that all

A

The

The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
 So prevalent as to concerne the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
 Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne
 Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I sought
 By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease,
 Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,
 Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
 Home to my Brest, and to my memorie
 His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foë;
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind,
 Mother of all things living, since by thee
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek,
 Ill worthie I such title should belong
 To me transgressour, who for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
 That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't
 The source of life; next favourable thou,
 Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaft,
 Farr other name deserving. But the Field
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
 Though after sleepleess Night; for see the Morn,
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosie progress smiling; let us forth,

I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where ere our days work lies, though now enjoind
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave Signs, impress'd
 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight
 The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,
 Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove:
 Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods;
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde;
 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake.

O *Eve*, some further change awaits us night,
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
 Us haply too secure of our discharge
 From penaltie, because from death releas't
 Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more.
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East
 Darknes ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
 More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws
 O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
 Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now

In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,
 A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye,
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in *Mahanaim*, where he saw
 The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright;
 Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd
 In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,
 Against the Syrian King, who to surprize
 One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,
 Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch
 In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise
 Possession of the Garden; hee alone,
 To find where *Adam* shelterd, took his way,
 Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,
 While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determin, or impose
 New Laws to be observ'd; for I descrie
 From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
 One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate
 None of the meanest, some great Potentate
 Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie
 Invests him coming? yet not terrible,
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
 As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
 He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
 Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Armes
 A militarie Vest of purple flowd
 Eivelier then *Melibæan*, or the graine
 Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old

In

In time of Truce; *Iris* had dipt the wooff;
 His starric Helme unbuckl'd Thew'd him prime
 In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side
 As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,
 Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
Adam bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
 Inclind not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Adam, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs:
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
 Defeated of his seisure many dayes
 Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime;
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
 And send thee from the Garden forth to till
 The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

He added not, for *Adam* at the newes
 Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound; *Eve*, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!
 Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave
 Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
 That never will in other Climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,

U 3

Who

Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde,
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute Decree

No more availes then breath against the winde,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd
Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would reare
Of grassie *Terse*, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gumms and Fruits and Flours:
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot step-trace?
For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.

To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.
Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth.
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warind:
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been
Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate

And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
 But this præminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:
 Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in plaine
 God is as here, and will be found alike
 Present, and of his presence many a signe
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodnes and paternal Love, his Face
 Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
 Which that thou mayst beleve, and be confirmd
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
 To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
 To thee and to thy Offspring; good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
 With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
 By moderation either state to beare,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This Hill; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
 As once thou slep'st, while *Shee* to life was formd.
 To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
 However chast'ning, to the evil turne
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain. So both ascend
 In the Visions of God: It was a Hill
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleere'st Ken

Stretcht

Stretcht out to the amplest reach of prospect lay,
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
 Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.
 His Eye might there command wherever stood
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destined Walls
 Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaiian Can*
 And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs Throne*,
 To *Paquin* of *Sinean Kings*, and thence
 To *Agra* and *Labor* of great *Mogul*
 Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where
 The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since
 In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*
 In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
 Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less *Maritim Kings*
Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,
 And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme
 Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardest South;
 Or thence from *Niger Flood* to *Atlas Mount*
 The Kingdoms of *Almansor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,
Marocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*;
 On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway
 The World: in Spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motezume*,
 And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat
 Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great Citie *Geryons Sons*
 Call *El Dorado*: but to nobler sights
Michael from *Adams eyes* the Filme remov'd
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight

Had

Had bred; then purg'd with Euphratic and Rue
 The visual Nerve, for he had much to see;
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd,
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,
 Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That *Adam* now enforc't to close his eyes,
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intransit:
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
 Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves
 New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds;
 Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
 Rustic, of grassie ford; thither anon
 A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
 First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a Shepherd next
 More meek came with the Firthings of his Flock
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
 The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,
 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.
 His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame;
 The others nor, for his was not sincere;
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
 Groand out his Soul with gushing blood effus'd.

Much

Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart
 Dismai'd, and thus in halte to sh' Angel cri'd.

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
 Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?

T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.
 These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
 Out of thy loyns; th' unjust the just hath slain,
 For envie that his Brothers Offering found
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloodie Fact
 Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
 Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
 But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O sight
 Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes
 Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
 To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense
 More terrible at th' entrance then within.
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
 By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
 In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shall bring
 Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know
 What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,
 A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
 Of gaitly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes

Of

Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kind's,
 Convulsions, Epilepsie, fierce Catarrhs,
 Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
 Dæmoniac Phrenzie, moaping Melancholic
 And Moon-struck madnes, pining Atrophie,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence,
 Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
 Tended the sick butiest from Couch to Couch;
 And over them triumphant Death his Dart
 Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok't
 With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
 Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,
 Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd
 His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
 O miserable Mankind, to what fall
 Degraded, to what wretched state refer'd!
 Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss in peace. Can thus
 Th' Image of God in man created once
 So goodly and erect, though faultie since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas't
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
 Retaining still Divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

Thir

Thir Makers Image, answerd *Michael*. then
 Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
 His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.
 Therefore so abject is thir punishment,
 Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own;
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't
 While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
 To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they
 Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

I yield it just, said *Adam*, and submit.
 But is there yet no other way, besides
 These painful passages, how we may come
 To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?
 There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
 In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return:
 So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
 Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease
 Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature:
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To witherd weak and gray; thy Senses then
 Obiuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
 To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry
 To weigh thy Spirits down, and last consume
 The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit

Fairest

Fairest and easiest of this combrous-charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. *Michael* repli'd,

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another fight.

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
Were Tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of Cattel grazing: others, whence the sound
Of Instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he formd
First his own Toolcs, then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in mettle. After these,
But on the hether side a different sort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir
Down to the Plain descended: by thir guise (Seat,
Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and Peace to men: they on the Plain
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay

In Gems and wanton dress; to the Harp they sung
Soft amorous Ditties, and in dauce came on:
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star
Loves Harbinger appeerd; then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't;
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flourcs,
And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
Of *Adam*, soon enclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus exprefs'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
Much better seems this Vision, and more hope
Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is best
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.
Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
Who slew his Brother; studious they appere
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists

Womans domestic honour and chief praise;
 Bred onely and completed to the taste
 Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
 To dress, and trouble the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
 To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives
 Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
 Shall yield up all thir vertue, all thir fame
 Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles
 Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
 (Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
 The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.
 O pittie and shame, that they who to live well
 Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!

But still I see the tenor of Mans woe
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,
 Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place
 By wisdom, and superiour gifts receav'd.
 But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread
 Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
 Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
 Concourse in Arms, fierce Faces threatening Warr,
 Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise;
 Part wield thir Arms, part curb the foaming Steed,
 Single or in Array of Battel rang'd
 Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustering stood;
 One way a Band select from forage drives
 A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
 From a fat Meddow ground; or fleecy Flock,
 Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
 Thir Bootie; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,

But

But callin aide, which makes a bloody Fray;
 With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine;
 Where Cattle pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
 With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field
 Deserted: Others to a Citie strong
 Lay Seige, encampt; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
 Assaulting; others from the wall defend
 With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire;
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
 In other part the scepter'd Haralds call
 To Council in the Citie Gates: anon
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon
 In factious opposition, till at last
 Of middle Age one rising, eminent
 In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong;
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
 And Judgment from above: him old and young
 Exploded and had seiz'd with violent hands,
 Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence:
 Unseen amid the throng: so violence
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
 Lamenting turnd full sad; O what are these,
 Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousandfould the sin of him who slew
 His Brother; for of whom such massacher
 Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men?
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n
 Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost?

To whom thus *Michael*. These are the product
 Of those ill mated Marriages thou saw'st;

X

Where

Where good with bad were matcht, who of them
 Abhor to joyn; and by imprudence mixt, ^{(selves}
 Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.
 Such were these Giants, men of high renown;
 For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,
 And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd;
 To overcome in Battle, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done
 Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
 Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
 Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.
 But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
 The onely righteous in a World perverse,
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With Foes for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious Truth, that God would come
 To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High
 Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
 Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God
 High in Salvation and the Climes of blifs,
 Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment?
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.
 He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd,
 The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,
 All now was turn'd to jollitic and game,
 To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,
 Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
 Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
 Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.

At

At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
 And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,
 And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft
 Frequented thir Assemblies, where so met,
 Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preach'd
 Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
 In Prison under Judgements imminent:
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off;
 Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
 Measur'd by Cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
 Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
 For Man and Beast: when loe a wonder strange
 Of every Beast, and Bird, and Insect small
 Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
 Thir order: last the Sire, and his three Sons
 With thir four Wives; and God made fast the dore.
 Meanwhile the Southwind rose, and with black wings
 Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
 From under Heav'n; the Hills to their supplie
 Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain; and now the thick'nd Skie
 Like a dark Ceeling stood; down rush'd the Rain
 Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
 No more was seen; the floating Vessel swum
 Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all thir pomp
 Deep under water rould; Sea cover'd Sea,
 Sea without shoar; and in thir Palaces
 Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabl'd; of Mankind, so numerous late,

X 2

At

All left, in one small bottom swug imbark't.
 How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold
 The end of all thy *Offspring*, end so sad,
 Depopulation; thee another Flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a Flood thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently reard
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
 Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
 His Children, all in view destroy'd at once;
 And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint.

O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
 My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
 Anough to beare; those now, that were dispens'd
 The burd'n of many Ages, on me light
 At once by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
 Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
 Him or his Childern, evil he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
 And hee the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension then in substance feel
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warne: those few escap't
 Famin and anguish will at last consume
 Wandring that warrie Desert: I had hope
 When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,
 All would have then gon well, peace would have
 With length of happy dayes the race of man; (crownd
 But I was farr deceav'd; for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less then warr to waste.
 How comes it thus? unfold, *Celestial Guide*;
 And whether here the Race of man will end

To

To whom thus *Michael*. Those whom last thou sawst
 In Triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true vertu void;
 Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste
 Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby
 Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey,
 Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
 Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride
 Raise out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace.
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by Warr
 Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose
 And fear of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd
 In sharp contest of Battel found no aide
 Against invaders; therefore coold in zeale
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,
 Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' Earth shall bear
 More then anough, that temperance may be tri'd:
 So all shall turn degenerate all deprav'd,
 Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot;
 One Man except, the onely Son of light
 In a dark Age, against example good,
 Against allurement, custom, and a World
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
 On thir impenitence; and shall returne
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd
 The one just Man alive; by his command
 Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and household from amidst

A World devote to universal rack.
 No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
 Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
 And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre
 Raine day and night, all fountains of the Deep
 Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount
 Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd
 Out of his place, pushd by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
 And there take root an Iland salt and bare,
 The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.
 To reach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
 By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,
 Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
 Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
 Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd;
 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glasse
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stoppt
 His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
 The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
 Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
 And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer;
 With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
 Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.

Forth-

Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger,
 A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
 Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
 The second time returning, in his Bill
 An Olive lease he brings, pacific signe;
 Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
 The ancient Sire descends with all his Train;
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
 A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
 Conspicuous with three list'd colours gay,
 Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
 Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad
 Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent
 As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
 At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
 With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
 Farr less I now lament for one whole World
 Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
 For one Man found so perfect and so just,
 That God voutsafes to raise another World
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heavn,
 Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
 Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
 The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,
 Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth?

To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
 So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
 Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
 The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh

X 4

Cor-

Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,
 Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
 And makes a Covenant never to destroy
 The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
 Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
 With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
 Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
 His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
 And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
 Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
 Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new;
 Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

The End of the Eleventh Book,

Paradise

Paradise Lost.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and reconforted by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking thir Stations to guard the Place,

AS

As one who in his journey bates at Noone,
 Though bent on speed, so heer the Arch-
 angel paus'd
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world re-
 If *Adam* aught perhaps might interpose; (stor'd,
 Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes.
 Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
 And Man as from a second stock proceed.
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
 Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
 Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:
 Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
 This second sours of Men, while yet but few;
 And while the dread of judgement past remains
 Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
 With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
 Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
 Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,
 With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast,
 Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
 Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
 Under paternal rule; till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
 With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth;
 Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)
 With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse

Sub-

Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:
 A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
 Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie;
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse.
 Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from *Eden* towards the West, shall finde
 The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
 Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
 A Citie and Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n;
 And get themselves a name, least far disperst
 In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through thir habitations walks
 To mark thir doings, them beholding soon,
 Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower
 Obstruct Heav'n Towrs, and in derision sets
 Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to raise
 Quite out thir Native Language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the Builders; each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
 And hear the din; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.
 Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.
 O execrable Son so to aspire

Above

Above his Brethren, to himself assuming
 Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n:
 He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation; but Man over men
 He made not Lord; such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud
 Stayes not on Man; to God his Tower intends
 Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither to sustain
 Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
 Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
 And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st
 That Son, who on the quiet state of men
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational Libertie; yet know withall,
 Since thy original lapse, true Libertie
 Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
 Immediately inordinate d. fires
 And upstart Passions catch the Government
 From Reason, and to servitude reduce
 Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits
 Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
 Over free Reason, God in Ju'gement just
 Subjects him from without to violent Lords;
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
 His outward freedom: Tyrannie must be,
 Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
 Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low

From

From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 But Justice, and some fatal curse annext
 Deprives them of thir outward libertie,
 Thir inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son
 Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
 Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vicious Race.
 Thus will this latter, as the former World,
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to thir own polluted wayes;
 And one peculiar Nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,
 A Nation from one faithful man to spring:
 Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,
 Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
 His benediction so, that in his Seed
 All Nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford

To

To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
 Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
 Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine
 Of *Morab*; there by promise he receaves
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
 From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)
 From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,
 Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
 Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
 Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth
 Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
 The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon
 Plainlier shall be reveald. This Patriarch blest,
 Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
 A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
 The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
 From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the River *Nile*;
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouthes
 Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land
 He comes invited by a yonger Son
 In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that Realme
 Of *Pharao*: there he dies, and leaves his Race

Grow-

Growing into a Nation, and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
 To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
 Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males:
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime
 His people from enthralment, they return
 With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
 To know thir God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire;
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turn'd,
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imbost,
 And all his people; Thunder mixt with Haile,
 Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it roul's;
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
 A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes;
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
 The River-dragon tam'd at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
 More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass

As

As on drie land between two christal walls,
 Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar:
 Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,
 Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
 Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
 By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
 To guide them in thir journey, and remove
 Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darknes defends between till morning Watch;
 Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his Host
 And craze thir Chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
 Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
 On thir imbattel'd ranks the Waves return,
 And overwhelm thir Warr: the Race elect
 Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance
 Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,
 Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarm'd
 Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare
 Return them back to *Egypt*, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untraine'd in Armes, where rashness leads not on:
 This also shall they gain by thir delay
 In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
 Thir government, and thir great Senate choose
 Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordain'd:
 God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
 In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound

Ordaine

Ordaine them Lawes; part such as appertaine
 To civil Justice, part religious Rites
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
 And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
 The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
 Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
 To mortal eare is dreadful; they beseech
 That *Moses* might report to them his will,
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without Mediator, whose high Office now
Moses in figure beares, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
 And all the Prophets in thir Age the times
 Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
 Establish't, such delight hath God in Men
 Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle,
 The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
 Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein
 An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
 The Records of his Cov'nant, over these
 A Mercie-seat of Gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
 Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing
 The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
 Shall rest by Day, a fiery gleame by Night,
 Save when they journie, and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel to the Land
 Promis'd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest
 Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
 How many Kings destroy'd, and Kingdoms won.

Y

O

Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand, still
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,
Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.

Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concerne
Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I finde
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
E: while perplext with thoughts what would becom
Of mee and all Mankind; but now I see
H's day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
So many and so various Laws are giv'n;
So many Laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus *Michael*. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The blood of Bulls and Goat, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde

Justi-

Justification towards God, and peace
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
From imposition of strict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.
And therefore shall not *Moses*, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call,
His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt thir public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies:
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
The second, both for pietie renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock
Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise
A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to *Abraham*, as in whom shall trust

Y. 2

All

All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.
 But first a long succession must ensue,
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,
 Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.
 There in captivitie he lets them dwell
 The space of seventie years, then brings them back,
 Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn
 To *David*, stablish't as the dayes of Heav'n.
 Return'd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
 Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
 They first re-edifie, and for a while
 In mean estate live moderate; till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most
 Endeavour Peace: thir strife pollution brings
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seise
 The Scepter, and regard not *Dauids* Sons,
 Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King *Messiah* might be born
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr
 Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com.

And

And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
 Of Squadron Angels hear his Carol sung.
 A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
 The Power of the most High; he shall ascend
 The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
 With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.
 He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
 Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.
 O Prophet of glad tidings finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my steddiefst thoughts have searcht in vain,
 Why our great expectation should be call'd
 The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
 Of God most High; So God with man unites.
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal paine: say where and when
 Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.
 To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel: not therefore joynes the Son
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound:
 Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure;
 Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works

Y 3

In

In thee and in thy Seed : nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
On penaltie of death, and suffering death,
The penaltie to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow :
So onely can high Justice rest appaid.
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfill the Law ; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
To a reproachful life and curst death,
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits
To save them, not thir own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life ;
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,
The Law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankinde, with him there crucifi'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction ; so he dies,
But soon revives, Death over him no power
Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of workes : this God-like act

Annuls

Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
In sin for ever lost from life ; this act
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his Salvation, them who shall beleeve
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the signe
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.
All Nations they shall teach ; for from that day
Not onely to the Sons of *Abrams* Loines
Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
Of *Abrams* Faith wherever through the world ;
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the aire
Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
Through all his Realme, and there confounded leave ;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n ; and thence shall come,
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,

Y 4

To

To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.

So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,
As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Then that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
Ere mee done and occasion'd, or rejoyce
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
To God more glory, more good will to Men
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.

But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deale
Worse with his followers then with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n
Hee to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arme
With spiritual Armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fierie darts,
What man can do against them, not affraid,

Though

Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompenc't,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Thir proudest persecuters: for the Spirit
Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the Nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each Nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Thir doctrine and thir story written left,
They die; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To thir own vile advantages shall turne
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left onely in those written Records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to joine
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
To all Beleevers; and from that pretense,
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; Laws which none shall finde
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde
His consort Libertie; what, but unbuild

His

His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
 Thir own Faith not anothers: for on Earth
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume:
 Whence heavie persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, farr greater part,
 Well deem in outward Rites and specious formes
 Religion satisfi'd; Truth shall retire
 Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
 Rarely be found: so shall the World goe on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
 Under her own waight groaning till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just,
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid
 The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted World, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love
 To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
 Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,
 Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss,
 Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach.
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this Vessel can containe;

Beyond

Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
 Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the onely God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Mercifull over all his works, with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake
 Is fortitude to highest victorie,
 And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd:
 This having learnt, thou hast attain'd the summe
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
 Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
 Or works of God in Heav'n, Aire, Earth, or Sea,
 And all the riches of this World enjoydst,
 And all the rule, one Empire; onely add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
 Add vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
 By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A paradise within thee, happier farr.
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of Speculation; for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,
 By mee encamp't on yonder Hill, expect
 Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,

In

In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
 We may no longer stay; go, waken *Eve*;
 Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission: thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her Seed to come
 (For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind.
 That ye may live, which will be many dayes,
 Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happie end.

He ended, and they both descend the Hill;
 Descended, *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't;
 And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.

Whence thou returnst, and whither wentst, I know;
 For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
 In mee is no delay; with thee to goe,
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to mee
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence; though all by mee is lost,
 Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft,
 By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
 Th' Arch-

Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
 To thir fixt Station, all in bright array
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist
 Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
 Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,
 The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd
 Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat
 In either hand the hastning Angel caught
 Our lingering Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
 Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
 To the subjected Plaine; then disappear'd.
 They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
 Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
 With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
 Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;
 The World was all before them, where to choose
 Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
 They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
 Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

THE END.

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THE END



